THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE,
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1857.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED 1872.

Original Novelet.

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;

A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER V.

MOTHER KURSTEGAN.

As the stranger's tall form disappeared from the kitchen, the old Indian woman entered. She was a person, as before described, of a gaunt but powerful frame, and to-night the loose skin hung in wrinkles, and her face, sharp and sinister, told the story of baffled spite and a hard contention with fate. Hate shone from her bleary dark eye, cunning lurked in her beetling brows, and avarice drew the lines of her mouth as tightly as the Indian draws the string of his bow. Her clothes were wet and clung to her limbs; an old bonnet blown out of shape she threw from her head as she came forward with long strides, and glanced sullenly from face to face.

"I don't know ye, only one or two," she said, in a voice harsh and grating to the sensitive ear; "you lad's a stranger, and ye're all of ye more or less a pack of thieves, I reckon. Where's that Masty? I want a crust or something—I'm hungry."

"I thought you lived upon dried witch-skins, Mother Kurstegan," said the parrot-nose, removing his pipe, "with moonlight sauce, and stars for potatoes. I've heard that it rains puddings up your way, and all you have to do is to put out your tongue and ketch 'em!"

The Indian only shook her fist at him, and seated herself on the floor.

"Ye are all a set of unmannerly boors," she said, wrathfully, "not to give an old woman a seat and a bit of a fire when she's wet to the bone; may your own mothers know what it is to want the same favor!"

"Oh, come here, Mother Kurstegan," said one and another, moving away; and young Park Dinsmore sprang with alacrity from his seat, and pushing it before the blazing fire, beckoned her to take it. It was a pitiful sight to him, who was so fond of his own mother, to see this poor wreck, with her dripping garments and bony figure, ugly and uncouth as she was.

"Ugh! I like you," said the old woman, taking the seat, "and if you wasn't a pretty boy, I'd give you a good fortune; but," and she shook her head, looking at him sorrowfully.

"Here, Mother Kurstegan, here's a piece of money; take it and tell *my* fortune," said the parrot-nose, offering her a sixpence.

"Shall I?" cried the old woman, accepting the silver, while the red blaze gave her face an expression of unusual ferocity; "well, then, in the first place, your wife will be lame in one foot, withered in one hand, blind in one eye, deaf in one ear, and have a tongue that will measure you for your coffin."

A shout of laughter followed the blank discomfiture of the man.

"She shall be sick fifty-two weeks in the year," added the Indian, looking round with a gesture of triumph, "make bread like stone-billets, give you carrot-water for coffee, scalding water to shave with, and dip your head in a bucket of tar if you don't do whatever she bids you to."

"Hurrah! bravo!" cried the teamster, clapping his hands.

"And you," cried the old woman, turning spitefully towards him, "will go further and fare worse."

"Oh, now, Mother Kurstegan," said the teamster, with a look of real disappointment, "you said I should have Masty, only a week ago!"

"Did I? well—humph! if you can *get* her, so you may," remarked the crone, nodding her head to the fire.

"Mother Kurstegan has got something on her mind," said an old farmer, with a shock of grey hair and a green frock, as he pushed the tobacco into a fresh pipe; "she used to do fiddling well at it, but she's gin out; her memory ain't what it was once, and she ain't so young nor so handsome as she used to be."

"My memory!" cried the old woman, with flashing eyes and a changed voice; "boys! fools! you don't any of you know what it is to have burnt into your brain, as with red-hot iron, such wrongs that the waters of all the floods can't wash out. I'm a broken old wreck!" she added, in a softened, melancholy tone.

Park Dinsmore turned with new interest to the half-crazed creature, and she evidently felt his scrutiny, for she raised her dark eyes to his face, and, with a sudden animation, exclaimed:

"Boy, I will read your destiny; come nearer;" then, raising her shrunken and sinewy hand as he moved towards her, she took his, and scanned the palm intently.

"For him that respects old age," she said, solemnly, and in a low tone, "whether in rags or velvet, whether with the crown of a king on his head or the beggar's cap, I would, if it were in my power, see nothing unpleasant—yet, young man, there are crosses, crosses in your destiny."

"I'll bear 'em bravely, mother," replied the pale-faced youth, smiling as he spoke.

"Aye! that you will," she answered, her withered heart evidently growing warmer and softer towards him; "for he to whom woman prays only for the sake of Mary, Mother of Jesus, and for the love of his own mother, will wear his armor like a man and a soldier. You were born to a bright lot; you were cradled in wealth," she paused for a moment, as if mastering some unpleasant memory; "you have crossed mountains and rivers and seas—you have been in danger many a time, and will be again."

"Just so, mother," said the youth, looking all the astonishment the correctness of her language called forth.

"There's a high house on a hill," she continued, "gazing down upon meadows and fields, and far away from any swamp-land. And I see you there, after the trouble is over, happy, rich and contented. And I see by your side a young wife—for you would scorn to dishonor the loveliest woman," she almost shouted, raising one hand to her head in a frenzied way—but calming herself, she continued, "and she has the brightest gold-brown hair, and the softest brown eyes and the reddest cheeks I ever saw. Aye, she's a pretty young creature, and she has seen sorrow, too. And there are three little children, one a beautiful baby—there isn't that man nor woman would do you the harm to wish a black wish to that sweet little baby—but I've known, ah, *I've* known what I wouldn't tell *you*;" she paused, holding up one skinny forefinger, while in the lull the soft, solemn strain of the storm came floating by. The farmers looked at one another and shrugged their shoulders. At that moment, Masty came in, with her hands full of eatables, which she set on the table, saying,

"Here, Mother Kurstegan, ain't you hungry after your long tramp? Come and eat something."

While the old woman devoured the food, keeping up a running fire of wit with Mastina, (for she seemed to have the faculty of adapting her language to the company she was in,) the men laid their heads together, and presently, as the old woman came towards the fire again, one of them cried out,

"Say, Mother Kurstegan, is that cave child really dead?"

"Well, yes, the storm has been mighty powerful up our way," replied the old woman, with readiness, indifferently holding her hands towards the fire; "did you say you was afraid?"

A loud laugh followed.

"You don't git round us that way, old lady," said the Pennsylvania teamster; "wo'v heerd stories as how the gal was living yit, and by jingo! it's a mighty mean shame to keep a little gal in limbo that 'ere way, anyhow!"

"If you ever speak of that to me again," shouted the old woman, turning so fiercely upon the teamster that he pushed his chair from the hearth, "I'll tell the company which of your relations got hung."

"And I'll tell which of yours ought to be," replied the teamster, his temper flashing up in his face, "and she ain't far from it, either."

The Indian woman, with an unexpected and vigorous blow, sent the man backwards, chair and all; and the teamster lay ludicrously rolling over in his effort to regain his balance. As he slowly arose, with a face of ashy whiteness, shout after shout of laughter made the rafters of the old room ring again. Fortunately, at this moment, Nick came with the message from above stairs, and while Masty, laughing till the tears ran down her cheeks, brushed the sand from the teamster's back, the old woman, dragging her wet garments after her, trailed her way out of the kitchen.

CHAPTER VI.

THE INDIAN'S INTERVIEW WITH THE STRANGER.

Nick, not well aware whether he did right or wrong, followed at a safe distance up the stairs, but she tramped rapidly as if she knew the way by heart, and shot into the chamber, shutting the door behind her. The boy crouched down close by the threshold, wondering what the stranger could possibly want of old Mother Kurstegan. Meanwhile as the evening was waning towards midnight, the men dispersed to their beds, and Mastina raked up the fire in the kitchen.

As the Indian beldame entered the room where sat the stranger, and which was now lighted only by one flickering flame, she advanced to the fire-place, and stood with folded hands, looking uneasily about her. The candle had been extinguished, and its unsavory smell filled the room; the high blaze had evidently been smothered with water, for the ashes were blown about the hearth as if by a sudden concussion. The stranger still sat in the great arm-chair, his cloak about his shoulders, a dark silk handkerchief bound over his temples, his face resting on his left hand.

"They say you tell fortunes, good woman," he said, lifting his eyes uneasily, and letting them fall again, while his lips locked together with such pressure that their outline was almost lost. At sound of his voice the woman turned her head slightly, and it was fully a moment before she answered,

THE FRIGHT AT THE INN.

"Yes, I tell fortunes when there is any fortune to tell; but sometimes those that hear me wish that I had held my tongue," she said, coldly.

"I sent for you to tell mine, and if you hit the truth in anything you say, I will give you a gold piece."

"Let me see your hand," said the woman, coming close to him—then as she took it she dropped it, and said, "that's the hand of a man that's seen a mighty sight of trouble—and," she added in a lower tone—"done a mighty deal of harm."

"Go on," he said, coldly.

The woman shuddered as if conscious of an evil presence.

"I like to see a man's face when I tell his fortune," she said, evasively, "light the candle so that I may count the lines in your forehead."

"Is your art, then, dependent upon such paltry tricks?" exclaimed the stranger, impatiently, "I thought you read from intuition, and a knowledge of your—" he said no more, for the Indian stepping back had changed to a fury. Her eyes, naturally large, flashed like fire; while the seams on her dark face quivered and deepened, and her lips grew pale. Slowly the man lifted himself from his seat, gazing with a cowardly fear showing under his assumed surprise, and almost cowering under her gaze. At last he spoke, "It is *I* who suffer most, woman; give me my child!"

In vain she strove to speak. Her gaunt frame shook, her pallid lips trembled, her long, snaky locks writhed upon her bosom—her hands clutched at the air—but she hissed at last through her clenched teeth, "Accursed of God and man—give *me* back *my* child. You made my life a desert; you tore a mother's heart; you desolated me and mine. Viper! stand there and look. I know you; I felt you in the air below; your trail was on the ground I passed over; your breath tainted the storm."

"Silence, beldame!" cried the man with a fierce gesture, "and tell me, where is my child? Look, I will give you gold—a fortune if you restore her. Her mother is dying, broken-hearted; tell me where she is!"

"Go look at her bones," said the other in a low, exulting voice, "they are all that's left of your delicate baby; and so *she* is dying—oh? ha, ha, ha, ha! and the child is dead—ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Dead!" and the man seemed to lose power as he stood—"dead," he repeated in a blank voice.

"You like news, you like *good* news, don't you?" said the woman bitterly; "you're an editor and give the people news; go spread it; tell of the old Indian woman who could talk like a lawyer; it will make your paper sell—but I'll whisper something in your ear—oh! don't be afraid of me—I've lost the Indian taste for blood by hearing how white folks kill; the child isn't dead, nor likely to be. But let me tell you, Horace LeVaugn, you will never see your child until you meet her the ruined thing you made *my* child. That's what I am keeping her for.

Why record the fearful recriminations, the awful imprecations that passed in the chamber of that old inn, while the storm chanted a woful requiem. The boy outside, pale with terror, crouched nearer to listen, and in his fright sometimes sprang to his feet to run, but fascinated by the sound of discord, he still remained, till the old woman, making a plunge at the door, left the chamber, flinging her curse back over the threshold.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FRIGHT.

The landlord slept on a narrow couch in a large, dimly lighted room, at the opposite end of the house from that occupied by the stranger. On a wide, full-curtained bedstead, lay his wife, a pale, nervous little woman, with her first born babe, who had made his advent into this sorrowful world within a week, sleeping upon her arm. The rain and wind sounded dismally to the strained ears of the invalid, as she lay nervously watching the uncouth shadows that solemnly wavered across the white-washed wall. She had just come to the resolution to wake her sleeping spouse at the moment that old Mother Kurstegan left Le Vaugn's chamber, and Nick, springing out of the way, pursued, as he thought, by the witch, and, mistaking the passage, burst headlong into the room occupied by the landlord and his wife. With a faint shriek, a diminutive, night-capped head was thrust between the curtains, round which a few strings of pale hair hung dishevelled, and two bewildered eyes, strained and frightened, peered out into the gloom. Falling back, the figure raised a shriek so unearthly that it echoed through every room of the old house. Nick, who, speechless with dismay, and half crazed with the pain of a sprained ankle, lay curled up against the foot of the bedpost, was rendered yet more obtuse by the screams that now burst forth in appalling succession. The landlord, cruelly roused from his first and sweetest nap, lifted himself with fearful alacrity, and standing with head thrust out, dangling a long silk nightcap, from which depended a woollen tassel, he cried in doleful accents, "What, what's the matter, wifey, little wifey? Sho! don't take on; 'tain't nothing but nightmare—daddy'll git his gun and shoot it—why! drat it; what *ails* the woman? I never heard such a noise in this world, never; hallo! thieves—murder! oh! Lord, Molly, Molly, what's the matter? Thieves, I say! murder! murder!"

By this time the entry was thronged. Foremost, in his shirt, holding a pair of trowsers, through one leg of which he was still struggling to push his right foot, and brandishing in his disengaged hand a heavily-loaded whip-handle, appeared the teamster. Behind him came the parrot-nose, gathering his coat upside down about his brawny chest, and clutching a brace of unloaded pistols pointed wrong end foremost, and rusty from disuse. Next appeared Mastina's broad face, oddly surmounted with dozens of curl-papers, and from whose countenance hung unearthly strips of a whitish looking material, as if not satisfied with curling her hair, she was trying the experiment on her face—in one hand a flaring candle that did not spare her grotesque visage, in the other, and under both arms, a broom, a poker, a brush and a pair of tongs for the invader. From her shoulders hung a long, ragged shawl, which she kept together with her teeth. Back of these were seen the eager, wonder filled faces of the others, some with dishevelled locks, some with heads tied up in handkerchiefs, and some whose expression was a boozy mark of interrogation, plainly indicating that the stairs were upside down when they retired to rest. Among the crowd, the fine face of Park Dinsmore, filled with apprehension; and for a brief moment, the dark, scowling visage of the stranger, Le Vaugn, peered into the dimly lighted room, and gazed toward the bed from whose curtained depths issued now and then a muffled sob, rendered almost inaudible by the pipes of the little seven-days-old Goodale, who had a notion to protest against this unwonted infringement on his rights, and who roared within his blankets. The sorry-looking landlord, emboldened by the presence of his company, had snuffed the dim candle, bringing out in picturesque relief the martial band of heroes who stood crowding in at the chamber door, and revealing the boy Nick, white with terror, and incapable of moving hand or foot.

"Oh! oh! we shall be murdered; we shall be weltered in our blood!" cried the disconsolate woman, sinking down lower in the sheets.

"Don't be afeared, deary," replied the little, old man, soothingly; and gathering fresh courage from another glance at the door, he added, "daddy's here."

At this valorous announcement, the teamster burst into a hearty guffaw, at the same time conquering the obstinate garment by planting his foot firmly on the floor, and tearing away two-thirds of the lining in which unfortunately his understanding had become involved.

"What in creation did you want to wake us all up at this time of night for?" inquired the parrot-nose, becoming tired of pointing the handles of his capless and powderless pistols at foes purely imaginary.

"Ain't there no thieves nor murderers here?" asked the frightened wife of the landlord, in a quavering voice, as she parted the curtains with her thin hand.

"No, lovey—but—what in?—you, Nick! how come you squatting down here? Have you bin leagering with that old witch? What you got to say for yourself, you willin?" he cried, venting his subsiding fear in shakes and cuffs on the poor victim whose face was distorted by severe pain.

"Oh! oh!" moaned Nick, his eyes overflowing, and writhing under the hands of his master, "my foot—I've broke my foot."

"None of your hypocrising, you rascal, or I'll shake you to pieces; how come you here, frightening my wife out of her wits?"

"Oh!" cried Nick, his agony beyond endurance, "let me be; my foot is broke—oh! my foot."

"I guess he's hurt bad!" said the teamster; while the parrot-nose brought his rusty pistols to bear upon the indignant landlord—"don't handle him so, old daddy; we shall take the boy's part; he's too much of a fool to do any mischief."

"Let him tell me then, what he's come here for, disturbing my poor, sick wifey, and raising the house in this manner—let him tell me that," exclaimed daddy Goodale, loosing his hold of the boy, however, who fell helpless on the floor; "here, you Masty"—but Mastina had retired to the shades of her chamber, becoming suddenly conscious that her costume was somewhat ridiculous; and young Park Dinsmore, with an apology, stepped into the room, and upon examining the boy's foot, pronounced it badly sprained.

"I was hearing of old Mother Kurstegan in the gentleman's room, and they hollered so they scared me, and I run clear to here;" said Nick, wiping the tears with his dirty hands; and I spoze that's what frightened the mistess"

"Frightened! you've near about killed her; and that precious baby!" exclaimed daddy Goodale, shaking his night-cap in a terrible way; "suppose I and those men had been gone? suppose she'd had a fit of histories, which in her excited state she might have been; you wicked boy. It would near a killed her outright. You can go, gentlemen, no need of your services now; it's all been a mistake—*I* shall keep awake; good night—much obliged to ye;" and allowing Park Dinsmore to lead Nick to his own chamber, the room was darkened again, the household subsided into quiet and rest, within, while the storm growled and raved without.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHIP BEGINS TO SEE THE WORLD.

No one seemed to give a moment's thought to the old Indian woman, who, in the extremity of her rage, ran from one end of the large kitchen, whither she had wended her way, to the other, muttering, cursing, pulling her dishevelled locks, and wringing her hands.

The fire had been carefully raked over, and darkness wrapped the room, yet up and down she flew, like a fury, talking to herself so loudly and passionately, that had it not been for the wildness of the reveling winds, and the excitement of the fright, the inmates must have been disturbed. Exhausted at last by this fruitless rage, the poor demented creature trailed her rags toward the fire-place, pulled out the ponderous irons, uncovered the coals and stirred them, and then crouched down by their fitful warmth. Presently she gathered some of the morrow's kindlings and threw them on, blowing the embers, on hands and knees, till they sent a curling blaze among the light wood.

"There!" she muttered, "now it would be a satisfaction to heap them at *his* door, and let them burn, burn."

She sat rocking her body and thinking, with knitted brows and lips working convulsively. The bright flare gave to her gray, seamed face an unearthly look, stamped as it was with evil passions, and threw into bold relief the colors with which, with the gaudy taste of the Indian, she had patched her grotesque attire. Now and then the shadows of the tall chairs and heavy cornices trembled along the floor; the old clock ticked with monotonous tone, and the soughing wind, like an evil presence, moaned down the chimney.

"The boy was with him, Nick," she muttered again; "yes, yes; it was he who ran before me—the little cur, to listen. And this man will hire him to go to the cave—give him money. No, no; Mother Kurstegan is cunning, foolish and crazed though ye all think her; she'll be travelling by daylight, while the rest are sleeping in their beds—and somebody else with her; yes, somebody else with her," she added, in a shrill, sing-song, trembling voice.

Adjusting herself along the hearth, the old woman prepared to sleep. Occasionally she would start, raise herself upon one elbow, peer about the kitchen, above, below—listen intently, with a gleam in her wild eyes, but gradually fatigue overcame her, and she sank into a fitful slumber. The fading fire shot up, painting her hollow eyes and sunken cheeks a cadaverous blue, glimmered along the fading embers, and finally died out, leaving her in the deep, howling gloom, asleep.

The clock struck four when Mastina entered the kitchen with a lighted candle. Walking straight up to the fire-place, she had almost fallen over the extended figure of the old woman, who had not yet awakened.

"Lawk! you old witch!" she grumbled, when her momentary fright was over, "who'd a' thought of finding you here? Hallo! old woman, Mother Cursing or Kurstegan, or whatever your name is," she cried, moving her with her foot, "come, I've got work to do here—get breakfast for a dozen lazy louts who calls themselves men, and expects a woman to git up before morning, if she's worked as hard as they have. Yes," she muttered, "a teamster has mighty hard work, most of the time; it's a dreadful thing to sit in a wagon twelve hours and be dragged by two great, strong beasts. I say, you old witch, don't you hear?"

"Yes, yes, but you can't have the child; you can't have the child—no, not if you coined your heart's blood," muttered the old woman, sleepily, rising slowly from her bed of ashes, and heavily unclosing her bleared eyes.

"That's a good one, now," cried Mastina, with her short, merry laugh; "what do you suppose I want with a child? I've got two children to take care of, Tim's wife and her baby; I think *that's* 'bout enough. Tim's wife was helpless enough before; but since that other little night-cap has come, she'saltogether too nice for *this* world. I say, Mother Kurstegan, what child was you talking about? Come, tell us for old acquaintance's sake! I'll be mum as a dead man if you will," she added, in a lower tone.

"I've got nothing to tell you," cried the old woman, shortly, rising and shaking herself; "when I'm asleep I generally dream, and I ain't apt to remember dreams—h-o!" she cried, turning to gaze at Mastina, who, with her pyramid of curl papers and patches of cosmetics, presented an appearance of grotesqueness not easy to match. The girl laughed, kindled the fire, and, accompanied by her candle, went out to fill the kettle. When she came back the damp air blew through the kitchen; the door was left open through which Mother Kurstegan had gone; a pool of water, formed during the night, lay in the hollow passage way, and the damp bushes at the door sprinkled their heavy tears upon the grey stone slab outside.

The road was skirted by thick woods, and the Indian pressed on under the perpetual showering from the trees. The wind blew dismally, penetrating the folds of the water-soaked blanket folded about her gaunt, haggard figure. Through her dull eyes, the way was dark before her, but the morning was breaking cold and gloomily. Sometimes she hummed the snatch of an old tune; sometimes muttered in Delaware, her native dialect; often she paused, and with lips firmly set, shook her head defiantly; sometimes she whistled, or strained her ear to listen for the wheels of some early teamster who might, through fear if not compassion, indulge her with a ride as far as he went. Soon the opaque atmosphere brightened a little, giving form and color to the drizzling rain that fell unweariedly. As she journeyed on, the country became more open and rugged. Miniature hills alternated with miniature valleys; masses of rock unevenly piled, relieved the monotony of bush and stunted pine. At length, coming to a strange formation of stone and earth, over which the huge branches of a century-elm fell with a picturesque effect, and where a new pine growth spread foliage and roots, the old woman paused. Looking about her to be sure no one was near, she parted the scraggy covering, crept through what appeared to be a fissure in the rock, and emerged on the other side into a low, wooded ravine, and from thence into a tract of woods untouched by the hand of the pioneer. Along a path scarcely discernible, and filled now with branches and whatever the torrents had brought from the hills, she made her way into the thicket. With a dexterity that betrayed a practiced eye, she picked a narrow trail, sometimes sinking foot deep into a morass, and availing herself of overhanging branches or rotten logs, which she had evidently placed there with her own hands, she came to the base of the hill on the summit of which she dwelt. The way up this steep ascent, wooded to its top, was toilsome in the extreme. Many a time her strength failed her utterly, and she sat upon a stunted knoll or jagged rock, and bent her head upon her hands. It was late in the morning when she gained the little spot where her hut was planted by the strong hand of nature. Drawing aside the bushes by which the entrance was concealed, she glided noiselessly within the rocky domicile. The floor was dry and carpeted richly with crust-like moss. Through another opening near the roof, the interior of this singular home became dimly visible. A furnace stood near the door filled with ashes. Two rude seats were ranged against the rough walls, with some regard to order, a large board being propped up between, answering for a table. A bed of dried moss in a covering of blue check lay in one corner, and on it, in this solitary, cheerless place, where no white man's foot-fall had ever sounded, shut in by forest trees, matted bushes and thick branches, lay a little child, a lovely little child, with pale cheeks, diminutive figure, and long, golden-tinted, gleamy hair, streaming over the coarse pillow. Mother Kurstegan went towards her, stooped and gazed earnestly for a moment, then turned to her duties. Untying a bundle, in which, the night before, she had thrown the remnants of her supper, she laid them upon the table. Then she threw off her wet shawl, hung it upon a projection of the rock, and taking from beneath the bed some decent garments, she changed her draggled clothes for dry ones.

Setting her furnace near the mouth of the tiny cave, she struck a fire with flints and tinder, and placed a nondescript utensil, filled with water, on the furnace top. Then from a box she took meal, and kneading it into a flat cake, set it to bake. Next she examined the child's clothes that lay beside the bed. They were large and coarse, and had been made out of her own garments. Taking from an old worn housewife a needle and some thread, she proceeded to stitch together such parts as needed repairing, muttering the while about her miserable sight; and after this was done, she made a little bundle of the clothes, and with a heavy sigh that spoke of regret, proceeded to waken the child.

"Chip, Chip, wake up!" she cried, touching the delicate shoulder with her hard hand.

The little girl, accustomed to the voice, sprang upright, and her soft eyes, in which a sweet yet mournful expression was predominant, turned instinctively towards the old Indian woman. She spoke not a word, but a wan, almost vacant smile flitted for a moment over her pensive features, and she pressed her little hands to her head with unchildish meaning in her look.

"Come, dress yourself and eat your breakfast, for we've a long tramp to go this day."

The child turned again and gazed into the old woman's face, as if not comprehending the import of her language.

"Don't look so like a heathen, child," exclaimed Mother Kurstegan, "don't you want to see something of the world, poor little fool? don't you think it's almost time? Only think! ten long years, and you've never taken one step outside this wilderness. Well, it don't know what the world is, but it shall, soon enough. Come, stop staring, I say, will you? and dress yourself! I'm going to carry you where you shall open your eyes before night!"

A bewildering joy possessed the child; every fibre of her frame quivered; every nerve thrilled. In the intensity of the hate nursed by a shattered mind, it had been the old woman's policy to tell the wildest, most extravagant tales about the world beyond the little cave. And she had also taught her the darkest lessons of fear, filling the brain of the poor little girl with spectres of horrible import, and beasts of hideous form, so that when the shadows fell upon the cave hut, Chip, if alone, crept shuddering into her bed, and knew no God of whom to invoke peace and protection. But she had also told her that away beyond the precincts of her isolated dwelling-place, beyond the hills which she had watched glittering and glowing with the treasures of sun and dew, was the great world, where houses were made of solid gold, and streets were filled with flowers, and angels with shining wings: and there was the softest light there, and the richest music, and she should have whatever she wanted, and learn strange and wonderful things, and see sights of splendor.

At this, the poor little child, who had never, within her recollection, seen one human face or heard one human voice, save those of the old Indian woman, who told her that she found her growing one morning in the shape of a great tulip, and when she plucked it, it changed into a little girl, this poor heathen child palpitated from head to foot with delicious pleasure. Her eyes enlarged and shone like stars; she kept drawing her breath in great sighs, and trembled from excessive delight.

"Shall we see the *bad* creatures, too?" she suddenly asked, shivering at the thought, "and if we do, can you keep them away from me?"

"I told them all this morning that I should pass through the woods with you, and commanded them to go to their hiding-places in the dark caves that stretch whole miles under the earth, and where all the winds and the storms, the thunder and the lightning are kept," replied the old woman, with a gravity that might have impressed an older person than Chip. "I can do as I please with them," she continued, "but I shall not let you see the beautiful streets and houses till I please; see, I blind your eyes now," and she made a few magnetic passes over the child's forehead.—"There, now you will see nothing until I am ready. Then will come a great king with a splendid crown upon his head, and he will take you to his palace, and make you a little queen."

"Oh," cried the wan child, with sparkling eyes and eager face, clapping her hands as she spoke, "I am so glad!"

"Take your fill of it, then," muttered her strange companion, turning her back, "you will never be glad again, mayhap."

After they had eaten their simple meal, the old woman, bidding the child remain quiet, went out to take a look at the little semblance of a grave. Trying the board, to see that it was firmly imbedded in the ground, and then gloating over it with an air of triumph, she again entered the cave, and prepared the child for its first entrance into the world surrounding its limited dwelling place. The rain was over, and the sun, fresh from the baptism of the elements, had commenced to gild the tree-tops, and mountain sides, and the little, dark hollows formed by the rain, glittered like diamonds.

All things were duly prepared, and the Indian woman and her poor little protege commenced their journey down the sides of the hill. For the first half-hour, the child moved briskly along, casting timid glances on every side, and then she began to be so weary, that Mother Kurstegan lifted her in her arms, and the little creature cuddled there more in fear than in love, while her strange protector took her sturdy steps along the path that none but her practised eye could hope to discern.

"Won't the wicked folks follow us?" whispered the child.

"No, no! Hark, while I talk to them!" and she began, in a low, monotonous tone:

"Away, ye spirits of evil;
Away, ye toads and lizards;
I see your bright eyes twinkle
Like jewels under the sea-weed;
You follow the edge of my shadow,
But you cannot hide in its color;
Your trail is over the spiked herb,
Your fingers have touched the winter-green;
You've left your scent on the wet ground,
And your slime touch on the brown leaves;
The toad grass rank is under your feet,
The yellow lily upon your heads,
Your beds are made in the rush grass;
Back, ye spirits of evil!
I cannot give this child to ye!"

All this time, poor little Chip, with her eyes closed hard, and scarcely breathing for fear, lay trembling, and dreading she knew not what; but presently, feeling a cooler wind upon her cheek, she suddenly found herself thrust through an aperture, standing and shivering on the wet ground, the water-drops sparkling as they dripped on her head from the branches of the great elm.

"There!" exclaimed Mother Kurstegan, "we are out of the woods, and now, before we see those great sights, we must walk on, on, a long ways till the sun goes down."

The child scarcely heard, such new and mingled emotions took possession of her hitherto imprisoned soul. She gazed about her. The sun lay in great red swathes over a large field but lately mown; and the gray grass glistened as if every spear was golden-tipped. The sky above! such masses of shining blue! such a wide, wonderful, glorious expanse, gemmed with thousands of little white clouds, soft as the snow, and lustrous as silver! She walked along, winged-footed; her eyes dilated, and were filled with a fiery delight. The tints of crimson and yellow that painted the woods as with banners splendidly dyed, she could not gaze at sufficiently. The few orchards she passed were hung with tempting fruit; the wheat fields glistening, the road bordered with flowers of beautiful colors; oh, what a new world had she found!

The day was almost gone. The Indian cake had been eaten for dinner many hours ago, and foot-sore and tired, poor Chip could not walk any farther. She was very hungry; her little feet were bleeding—for although Mother Kurstegan had pitied her in her savage way, and taken her up many times, the child was wholly unaccustomed to walking, and her feet were thinly protected. Evening was coming on, and the child, to whom the novelty of sight-seeing had grown stale, wondered when she should see those great people, dressed so finely, and, above all, the king with a crown on his head.

Mother Kurstegan looked about her and saw in the distance the bright red roof of a barn. She placed Chip on a rock by the way-side, cunningly concealing her, as she thought, by the bushes, and bidding her be quiet till her return, on peril of being eaten alive, left her to beg some refreshment. Scarcely had she gone out of sight before poor little Chip, wearied almost to death, began to cry bitterly. As she sat there, the tears falling over her white cheeks, she saw, far down the road, a strange thing that looked so evil, she did not doubt it was one of those frightful beings that the old woman had often conjured up in the wilds of their lonely home. She grew colder and whiter, and held her breath, and clasped her hands without power to move as the terrible object, with a noise that seemed louder than thunder, came rumbling along, with two fearful creatures abreast. She could not scream—could not cry out, but her blood crept, and her heart beat heavily against her little bosom.

"Hallos!" shouted a coarse voice; "that's somethin' human."

The monster market-wagon came to a dead stand opposite the frightened child, and a man with a heavy beard, and slouching straw-hat flapping over his sun-burned face, and upon his farmer's frock, surveyed the shrinking child fixedly.

"Got lost, little one?" he asked.

No answer—only the wild eyes glared, and seemed to throb with fright.

"Hilloa! Say, little girl, are you lost?" he asked again. Still the child was utterly incapable of replying, but she sobbed and moaned in a pitiful way.

"Well! this is a strange fix for a young 'un like that, seems to me. Must bin walking all day, too; little feet bleeding—she! looks tired to death. Here little one," he soliloquised, moving to descend from his wagon; "night's a coming mighty fast, and whether you're strayed, lost, or stolen, I shall take you up and tote you home—'taint more 'n a Christian duty. Whoa! stan' still, Jeff, while I git out and take this youngster in. Guess it's a fool, the way she stares, but that ain't none of my business."

Chip had not stirred, could not move. A deathly sickness came over her as she felt the grasp of the strong-handed man, and found herself swinging up in the great wagon, and presently deposited upon some soft straw behind the seat. Fear had paralyzed every energy; she shivered with a vague horror that she was to be thrown into some hole with all the imaginary hobgoblins that her demented old keeper had taught her to fear. Meanwhile Mother Kurstegan had gained the house, little dreaming, as she paused to tell a young girl's fortune, that the treasure she had perilled so much to obtain and to keep, was even then a mile from the spot where she had left it in seeming security.

CHAPTER IX.

MATTERS AT THE INN.

The new baby had been washed and dressed, the chamber put to rights, the breakfast prepared and placed smoking hot upon the table, the pyramid of curls, loosened from their paper enclosures, and the day's washing, stewing, and boiling planned out at the old tavern, all before seven in the morning, by the redoubtable Mastina, maid of all work, nurse, and general director. Arrayed in a gown of neat gingham, that displayed her round, buxom form to advantage, Mastina prepared to wait upon the table, as one and another came down and drew up to the smoking breakfast. Mastina's homely but frank and ruddy face wore an absent look on this particular morning, and when not occupied, she tugged assiduously at the little corkscrew curls that stood straight out over her eyebrows like the ears of a refractory mule; her black eyes wandered often to the door, and whenever the latch clicked, the tell-tale color burnt her cheeks.

"'Seems to me you're out of sorts this morning," said the teamster, handing his plate for another cut of cold bacon.

"That's nothing; I always am when you come," retorted the girl, saucily.

"Hate me the wust kind, don't you?" said the teamster, ironically.

"No, for the more I see you the worse I hate you," she replied, drawing the laugh as usual on him.

"Well, don't worry, he'll be down pretty soon," rejoined the young man, with a slight dash of bitterness in his tone. The speech took instant effect. Mastina blushed scarlet, and for the first time was at a loss for a reply; and to add to her confusion, the youth towards whom it was plain all her thoughts and the battery of her charms were directed, entered at that moment, and, with a careless good morning, took a seat at the table. He certainly was a handsome fellow with his red, well cut lips, bold forehead, and happy smile. Then, too, his eyes were so beautiful! gray, dashed with brown—deep, mirthful, liquid eyes. He cast a searching look towards Mastina, and could not for his life train his lips to steadiness when he caught the ludicrous effect of her stiff black curls, and remembered the mirth-provoking dishabille of the preceding night. With recovered equanimity, however, he asked after her health, and as in gallantry bound, that of the frightened mother and her infant. He praised the coffee and Mastina's white biscuits warmly, in order to make up for any little want of courtesy he might have betrayed; but the teamster, who had been all but the affianced lover of the stout country maid, began to fidget in his chair.

"Yes, 'twas all right enough atween us, afore you came," at last he exclaimed, unable to restrain his indignation any longer. Park was jesting with him upon Mastina's improved appearance.

"Till *I* came?" echoed the astonished youth.

"Yes, till you came; oh! you needn't tell me. I heard your complimenting speeches this morning. I know who she curled her hair for."

At this, the young man fell into a fit of immoderate laughter, entreating pardon as often as he could recover his breath, and the jealous teamster stood, very red in the face, undecided whether to knock him down or to join the laugh.

"I do assure you," said Park, when he had recovered his equanimity, "I had not the most distant thought of such a thing; I am really sorry I have innocently given you occasion for pain, and I'll make it all right, you may depend."

Mastina, who was really fancy-smitten with the handsome youth of eighteen, was at this moment up-stairs, expatiating on his charms to her invalid sister-in-law, while at the same time she arranged the tray of tea and toast, took the bundle of flannel out of her sister's arms, and pushed the wheeled arm-chair closer toward the bed with her foot.

"He said some very pretty things to me, and asked after you so polite;" she went on, arranging things to her liking as she spoke, turning up the ruffles from the thin small hands of her sister-in-law, adjusting her cap-strings, and smoothing her collar.

"Seems to me you're quite taken with him," responded the invalid.

"La! no; only as things goes," replied Mastina, suddenly perceiving a pin behind her sister's chair; "but then when one is *so* handsome, and *such* eyes! laws me!" and a real, genuine sigh came plump from the fair bosom of the capable Mastina.

"Jake wouldn't like to hear you talk that way," said little Mrs. Goodale.

"Jake!" cried Mastina, indignantly, "as if I cared anything about that coarse, clumsy, homely, red-faced, thick-handed horse-driver! What is there gentlemanly about him? always joking indoors, and swearing out; smelling of the stable, and, ugh! hark! there's Job a calling of me. I suppose that sprig of gentility is up and wanting breakfast about this time, with his long cloak on his shoulders. Here, take the baby, I must go."

It was as she had conjectured. Le Vaugn, pale, haggard and remorseful, having rested none during the night, had come down to breakfast, and Mastina was required to broil the wing of a chicken. After she had prepared it, and, standing opposite, was quietly turning out his tea, he looked uneasily about him, and at last asked where the boy Nick was.

"The young gentleman was so *very* kind," began Mastina, and then conscious that she had begun at the wrong end of the story, she corrected herself by adding: "Nick was hurt last night, sir," she said; "he run into my brother's room after they was asleep, and almost frightened them to death, and hurt his ankle very bad; and the kind young gentleman, Mr. Dinsmore, sir, seed to it and put it to rights, which, as it was his left foot, sir, was doing very well, I think, sir; but Nick couldn't walk nor even stan', poor fellow, it hurt so bad this morning."

An expression of pain passed across the face of Le Vaugn, and for a brief moment he covered his eyes with his hand. Turning to young Dinsmore, who, leaning carelessly back in his chair, was looking most provokingly handsome, he said, "how long is the boy to be laid up with this accident, sir surgeon? A week! you must be a skillful practitioner, sir." The smile attendant upon this little speech was intended to be playful, but a more haggard, woe-begone contortion never disfigured human countenance.

Le Vaugn said no more till he had finished his meal, and then asked how long the young man intended to remain?

"A week or a fortnight," Park answered, sending a full tide of joy up into Mastina's rosy face, and an ominous frown along the weather-seamed brow of the teamster.

"I shall stay also," responded the other, in an undertone, "at least till that boy is well; I have something for him to do."

"Durned if *I* stay," muttered the teamster.

An hour afterward, the conscious maid of all work was busy in the chambers, beating up the full ticks that dimpled with the ready grace of real country feather-beds, and with a roly-poly kind of roundness and sleekness puffed out under Masty's strong hands. At last she came to the little room occupied by Park Dinsmore. It was the prettiest room in all the house; she had selected it for him because he was so young and handsome, and also because sundry flowers, graceful as young cabbage sprouts, hung in wooden frames on the yellow-washed walls, with her name, "Mastina Goodale—painted Anno Domini, etc.," printed in a round, school-girl hand underneath. With what a beating heart she entered this sanctum sanctorum! It was a low ceiled apartment, like all the rooms of the inn, but it rejoiced in newer furniture and a brighter polish, fringed curtains, and a looking-glass almost lost in the labyrinths of an immense wooden frame. A carpet bag stood near the door, carefully locked. Exquisite order reigned, betokening the inbred good taste and delicacy of a true gentleman. The counterpane was spread over the ruffled bed, and the towels laid neatly across the pitcher-top. Mastina felt the contrast between this room and the others, with their wet towels on the floor, brushes scattered about, and clothes in every variety of disorder. Upon the table in this room stood pen and ink, near some delicate sheets of note paper, and a small miniature case lay beside. On one of the rose-colored pages were traced a few bold lines, at which Mastina glanced, and then—poor girl! the weakness of Eve, unsubdued by the dilution of countless generations, was strong within her. Again and again she gazed towards the miniature, and finally, with a sinking heart, she shut the door, drew the bolt, and tremblingly ventured to open the case. Alas! poor love-smitten Mastina, what thou didst gaze on there! a face of such budding beauty, with such tender and poetic blue eyes, and its exquisite hair the color of gold. It was like and unlike the owner; much more delicate, and younger; and on the opposite side, written in the finest hand, were the words, "my Mary."

"It may be his sister," murmured the smitten girl, her hand trembling as she replaced it, "and," she added slowly, "it may *not* be." Her eye wandered to the unfinished note. Now, according to all the rules of politeness, she should have turned decisively away from the tempting missive, but Mastina knew no rules save those of self-gratification or necessity. Mastina was rude as nature had made her, from the core of her heart to the tips of her finger-nails, and she really could not see why she had not a perfect right to read any missive left in her way. So curiosity came off victor. The note, purposely left by the astonished object of her sudden passion, as the reader may suppose, read as follows:

"Dear M.—My own Darling:

It shall be just as you say; we will be married on the twenty-third; but meanwhile"——.

Unconsciously Mastina tightened her hold on the delicate paper, and left the impress of a thumb somewhat large and soiled. This, in the intensity of her feeling, she did not observe; but flinging the unfinished letter down, threw her apron over her head, and wept like a child.

After indulging sufficiently in this peculiarly feminine recourse, she dashed her tears away, and flew about her work with a savage ardor that made the very walls quake. The pillows almost squealed in her grasp, and the poor bed was nipped and squeezed, pinched, rolled and beaten, till it looked like an abused jelly-bag. She even bestowed an energetic kick upon the poor carpet-bag that stood with its mouth open, and its whole demeanor inoffensive in the extreme. Then turning to the little glass that always seemed straining to show itself, she made sundry faces, as if to impress upon that reflective article of furniture its stupidity in answering to a face so hideous as that of poor Mastina Goodale, who might never hope to win anything superior to the hand and heart of an itinerant driver of laden teams, the extent of whose business vocabulary was "whoa" and "git up, Jean." Returning to the room of her sister-in-law, she went directly up to her, and placing her arms akimbo, exclaimed,

"Now, tell me if I don't look like a great fool, with my hair all prinked up this fashion?"

The little woman, astonished at the abruptness of the question, turned the living bit of flannel in her arms, and replied, rather hesitatingly:

"You *don't* look so well, Mastina, unless your hair curled natural; your hair never would curl like mine, Mastina. Now, all I have to do is to dip my head in a bucket, and twist it round about my fingers, and it jest hangs in the beautifullest ringlets. Oh, I do hope little tot 'll have curly hair! I always prayed the Lord that my children might be hansum!"

"Hum!" said Mastina, and swung herself out of the room. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A French peasant woman recently appeared before a tribunal to complain of the ill-usage she received from her husband. "What pretext had he for beating you?" inquired the president. "Please, sir, he didn't have no pretext—it was a thick stick."

☞ The Southern Cultivator says: "It is a solemn fact that not one marriageable girl out twenty can make a really good cup of coffee." A fact so serious as this should immediately engage the attention of all marriageable girls. Shouldn't it?

☞ Mr. Dubois is so skeptical that he won't believe even the report of a cannon.

☞ Alexander Smith, the poet, has recently married Miss Flora Macdonald, of Skye. It is, perhaps, quite natural that a poet who draws most of his imagery from the sky, should look there for a wife, and "bring an angel down!"

☞ Astronomy was first studied by the Moors, and was by them introduced into Europe in 1201. The rapid progress of modern astronomy dates from the time of Copernicus. Books of astronomy and geometry were destroyed, as infected with magic, in England, under the reign of Edward VI., in 1552.

The quickened seed o'erpowered the thorn,
The weed, the worm, the blight;
While vigorous leaf and ripening corn,
Successive, cheered the sight.

What gave so soon the harvest pride
To life's unfolding years?
The heavenly husbandman replied,
"The seed was steeped in tears!"

☞ A Green Hand.—A sailor, the other day, in describing his first efforts to become nautical, said that, just at the close of a dark night, he was sent aloft to see if he could see a light. As he was no great favorite with the lieutenant, he was not hailed for some hours. "Aloft there!" at length was heard from the lieutenant. "Aye, aye, sir." "Do you see a light?" "Yes, sir." "What light?" "Daylight, by jingo."

☞ Two young bulls of equal bravery, though by no means equally matched in size and strength, happening to meet near the front of a ducal mansion, began a fierce battle, the noise of which soon drew to one of the windows the lady of the palace. To her infinite terror, she beheld her only son—a boy between five and six years of age—belaboring with a fearful cudgel the stouter of the *warriors*. "Donald, Donald, what are you about?" exclaimed the affrighted mother. "Helping the little bull," was the gallant reply.

☞ It is not what people eat, but what they digest that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practise that makes them righteous. These are very plain and important truths, too little heeded by gluttons, spendthrifts, bookworms, and hypocrites.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

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PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (of England.) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the two following novelets, BOTH OF WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the POST by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE WAR TRAIL;
A Romance of the War with Mexico,

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

At the close of "Chip," we design commencing one of the following—ALL OF WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY AS THEY ARE PUBLISHED, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah, The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the POST, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"My Native Home;" "The Old Man's Bride;" "My Evening Stroll;" "'Tis But a Step."

E. R. L. North Hero. Respectfully declined.

LIGHT, HEAT AND RAIN, AT DISCRETION.

The adventurous genius of a French writer in one of the Paris journals has, as we learn from recent foreign papers, suggested a means of obtaining artificial light and heat, which is decidedly novel, to say the least of it. He starts with the assumption that volcanoes are the natural safety valves by which the subterranean coal-gas, which exists below the earth's cuirass, escapes into the air. Without these outlets, the pent-up element would, in its efforts to be free, shatter our globe into fragments. His plan is simply to bore artesian wells through the earth's crust till the gas is reached. Thus we not only sluice off the volcanoes, but we utilize the destructive vapor in the earth's interior. There will then be no more eruptions—no more Herculaneums or Pompeiis submerged in an overflow of burning lava forced from the crater by the efforts of the too closely pent element to free itself—no more earthquakes occurring for the same reason. As fast as the earth manufactures the coal-gas in its capacious bowels, we draw it up through our perforations, and consume it. The globe is then our gigantic gas-ometer. The gas-manufacturer's occupation is gone; the coal companies explode, and the wood dealers retire from business; candles, oil, coal, wood, turf, and all our modern means of heat and illumination are dispensed with. A cheaper, better, and more universal substitute is provided, and whoever wants it can have it at a most economical rate. Nature makes gas for us in great quantities for nothing; all the expense to us is the first cost of boring terra firma, and the after cost of manufacturing gas pipes, metres, and other gas-works, and keeping them in repair.

All this looks so delightfully plausible on paper, that one hardly knows whether to laugh at it or not. Why the French writer's plan is not practicable, it would perhaps, be difficult to conclusively say. Chemists and geologists might possibly reply that it is by no means a certain thing that coal-gas exists under every part of the earth's surface. They might urge that certain constituents and conditions of the soil are necessary to its generation, and that these constituents and conditions are only found in certain sections. Science has a good deal to say before bold theories can be accepted. But our daring Frenchman would, possibly, answer the chemists and geologists to the effect that all their objections were based on conjecture, and that his theory that the subterranean gas uniformly exists at different depths under the earth's cuirass, is as good as a million objections. The joke of the thing is that there is sufficient scientific fact established to render his theory exceedingly plausible. In China, according to Dr. Draper (and Dr. Draper is authority,) you find these very artesian borings, and for this very purpose. Those sallow-faced men with preposterous pig-tails, whom we make so much fun of, have actually perforated the earth to the depth of three thousand feet, in order to arrive at this identical subterranean coal-gas, and have used it as it should be used. If they have done this, why cannot Christendom do it, too?

Not being scientific enough to say why Christendom cannot, we amuse our fancy by imagining the thing perfectly possible. There is the gas under the crust. Bore down to it, and it will exhale up to us. Light it, and it will burn. Why not, then? True, the coal companies would suffer, the wood-dealers would close their yards, the tallow-chandlers and oil-merchants would shut up shop, and the whale-ships would no more boil blubber. This thing being done, little private interests here and there would be temporarily damaged, but the great public would gain enormous advantages. What a revolution we should witness! No more dim dwellings or dark cities, no more insufficient warmth in poor men's homes when winter is sharp and fuel is high. Bounteous, perpetual, inexhaustible supplies of light and heat everywhere, at a trivial expense. Gas-fires and gas-lights in all places; all rooms warm in bitter weather with the one, and all brilliant in the evening with the other. Our obscure and darkened towns and cities suddenly realizing, by means of this cheap and liberal supply of flame from the subterranean empire of the gnomes and salamanders, that description the antique Herodotus gives of the city he saw in India, which was lighted at night by an immense ball of light on the summit of a high pillar, the illumination from which was as bright as day!

As we have said, the Frenchman's idea looks so specious, that we are at a loss to know whether we ought to laugh or not. Christendom has so often laughed to scorn new ideas, inventions and discoveries which afterwards turned out well, that we are getting cautious. There is hardly an improvement or discovery of any kind, that we now accept and enjoy, that was not received at its first appearance with unanimous and uproarious derision. The fact makes us sober over our French friend's proposition, and stays mirth with the reflection that they laugh best who win.

Our French friend does not, however, stop at artificial light and heat obtained by this method. He goes on to consider how we may prevent droughts by having rain storms at discretion. Gas from the globe being cheap and plentiful, he proposes that we shall take advantage of what he evidently considers a scientific law of the atmosphere, and make rain with our surplus vapor. His plan is to let the gas escape from our artesian bores into the air for a few minutes, and when it has risen to the proper altitude, ignite it by means of an electrical kite. A single flash, says he, and then a shower would follow. The amount of rain we wish, he says, could be regulated to perfection by our gas metre. We confess that this theory puzzles us a little. How a flash of flame in the air would produce rain, is a secret to us. It might possibly be done by the change in the atmospheric currents which the jar given to the air by the explosion of the gas, would produce. An eminent scientific friend of ours maintains that rain may be enforced at will by the effect produced on the air by the firing of artillery. It is noticeable that the night or the day following any of our gala-days—Fourth of July, for instance—when there is so much cannonading, is usually, if not always, rainy. Rain, it is said, follows earthquakes. Here is a question for scientific investigation.

One good effect such adventurous theories have, is to set us to speculating seriously on the physical possibilities of the globe on which we live. No one knows what splendid secrets we might wring from the elements, by patient skillful, and intrepid examination. At present human intellect and energy are mainly wasted petty and useless affairs. What marvellous results might follow the abstraction of human power from the isolated and selfish aims which most men live, and its devotion to the great objects of increasing the comfort and happiness of mankind! It is not unwise to say that God gave us this earth on which we dwell our problem. He leaves us free to discover powers, its possibilities, its uses. He gives capacity and ability to master the elements and turn them to our service. This is our work. Wrapped up in earth, sea, air, are secrets of the simpler, fuller, higher, better life. Human attention once broadly turned to the labor of attaining a more beautiful scientific way of existence, not for a private good, but for the public good of the world—not for one man, but for all men—might achieve results which if prophecied now, would call utopian and impossible.

THE CENT'S RECEPTION.

Our brethren of the press have pretty generally united in denunciation of the new coin. Uncle Samuel and his mint officials catch with tolerable directness and vigor. The latest conjecture regarding the character of the winged bird on the coin is that it is intended to represent a bat, though a conjecture equally plausible, assumes it to be a buzzard. We sincerely trust that this question may not pass into the unsatisfactory range of undecided and undecidable questions of which "who wrote the letters of Junius?"—and "who was the man in the Iron Mask?" are prominent examples. We rather trust that a decision may be arrived at, and that the name of the mysterious and funny fowl on the new coin may speedily discovered. It is also hoped that it may be discovered that the designer did not intend it as a caricature of our national eagle. We say this, because the rumor that such was his intention is still afloat on the air, and is gaining public credence. This, however, we can hardly believe. We cannot think that person would be guilty of making our "fine, gray bird" ridiculous, by associating his venerable and venerated image with such a looking animal as appears on that nickel. Time will tell, however.

Metropolitan Hotel.—We invite the attention of our readers to the card of the proprietors of the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, our advertising columns.

Pittsburg As It Is. By Geo. H. Thurston, W. S Haven, Pittsburg

A book of facts and statistics, exhibiting past and present of Pittsburg, its advantages resources, manufactures and commerce.

New Publications.

The Household Edition of the Waverley Novels.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have issued the first eight volumes of their beautiful edition of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, comprising Waverley, The Antiquary, Guy Mannering and Rob Roy. To persons familiar with the publications of this firm, which has, as we think, a peculiar genius for publishing, it is unnecessary to say anything in commendation of the style in which these famous books are issued. To others we may say, that we know of no American edition of the works of Sir Walter Scott that can compare with this for portability, elegance and all the qualities we desire to see embodied in a book. The type is large and clear—the paper white and firm—the size eminently convenient to the hand—the binding strong, plain, tasteful and serviceable—and the engravings, which are from pictures of artists of such eminence as Birket Foster, Darley, Landseer, Harvey and Faed, are executed with skill and spirit. We can think of no reason why this should not be the chosen edition of every household in the country that wishes to possess the works of the great novelist. Its price—seventy-five cents a volume—a sum little missed and easily spared twice a month from the pocket of any person of moderate means—puts it within the reach of thousands.

Of the character of the novels themselves, we need say nothing. They belong now as much to our lives as the works of Shakspeare, Bunyan and Defoe, authors that are not only famous, but, in the broadest sense, popular.—They are read as Hamlet, the Pilgrim's Progress, and Robinson Crusoe are read—by the people. Their spirit has permeated the thoughts, and influenced the life, of Christendom, for the last thirty years, and the influence has generally been for good. They are eminently healthy and genial. No young person can receive contamination from their bright and picturesque pages. They have nothing mean, nothing morbid, nothing low, nothing impure. If they principally yield to the mind only entertainment, the entertainment is of the most instructive and elevating kind. Would that we could say as much of all works of fiction.

The Scottish Chiefs.—Thaddeus of Warsaw. By Miss Jane Porter. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philada.

Old friends in new clothes, and welcome! Who has not glowed and wept alternately, in his or her young days, over the story of Wallace and Bruce, and followed the fortunes of Thaddeus? Here are the old stories in large type on nice paper—the stories which when read bring back the most delicious hours of youth. They interested the last half-century as few works did beside Sir Walter Scott's, and are the best specimens, Sir Walter's aside, of the historical romances of that period. Indeed, English historical romance began with Miss Porter, and Scott owed his kick to her. Arison again to public notice, the books will have, as they deserve, many readers, particularly among young people whose parents will naturally wish them to enjoy a pleasure which they themselves once found so alluring.

Adam Graeme, of Mossgray. By Mrs Oliphant. Garrett, Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. For sale by Willis P. Hazard, Philada.

Mrs. Oliphant is already well known by her admirable tales "Zaidee," "Magdalen Hepburn," and "Margaret Maitland." "Adam Graeme" must take high rank among her stories. A noble beauty and pathos pervade it. Its tone is subdued and earnest, though a tender geniality, like pale sunshine, flits through it. Wordsworth's spirit haunts the pages. As a story it is very interesting, and many of its characters are clearly and finely colored. The delineations of natural scenery which it contains, are remarkable for pictorial power and accuracy. Like all Mrs. Oliphant's pictures of out-door scenes, they breathe the fragrance of the Scottish heather. The work itself has a quality which subtly reminds one of the odor of wood violets.

The British Poets. Little, Brown & Co, Boston. For sale by C. G. Henderson & Co., Phila.

Three volumes of Messrs Little, Brown & Co.'s admirable edition of the British Poets, which we have so often commended. Two volumes contain the poems of Chatterton—'the marvellous boy who perished in his pride;" the other has the poetical works of the brave and grand old Puritan, Andrew Marvell, the friend of Milton and Cromwell. His poems are as remarkable for pungent wit, brilliant fancy, and terse, strong thought, as their author was for inflexible integrity, chivalry, and magnanimity.

Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant; and the Communion of Labor. By Mrs Jameson. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Jameson needs no recommendation to those already acquainted with her writings. This book contains two essays, which belong to the woman question not only in England, but in America. They are beautifully clear, forcible and eloquent, and in some parts, to use Sidney's phrase, "stir the blood as with the sound of a trumpet." They ought to be, and we hope will be, widely read.

The Diary of An Ennuyee. By Mrs. Jameson. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

Another reprint of an early work of this famous author, bound up in Messrs. Ticknor & Fields' favorite fairy blue and gold. It contains many remarks and opinions on art and natural scenery in Europe, and, to people that enjoy such topics as it treats of, it is pleasant reading for these shady summer hours.

Eros and Anteros. By Judith Canete. Rudd & Carleton, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

A love story, somewhat unreal and romantic, but vivid and vigorous, and with considerable interest. It has, also, some metaphysical power and penetration, and, if it is a first book, promises fairly for the future efforts of the author.

Marryatt's Works. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

"The Pacha of Many Tales," and "Frank Mildmay, or the Naval Officer," are the titles of the last two volumes of Messrs. Derby & Jackson's handsome edition of Marryatt.

Manual of Etiquette; or, How to Behave. Fowler & Wells, Philadelphia.

A good manual of etiquette, containing also many useful hints for the conduct of life.

Paris Letter.

A Brilliant Scene—A Good Idea—Shop-Windows—Floral Glories—A Garden in Lilliput—Imperial Frolics—Astounded Cabby—Food and Finery.

Paris, May 21, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

A more brilliant *coup d'œil* than that offered by Paris, with its long lines of magnificent houses, and its innumerable domes and spires, against this glorious blue sky, it would be difficult to find. The beautiful white freestone used here for building, the ornamental architecture so generally in vogue, the shining gray slates of the roofs, the gay, striped awnings at the windows, the trees, the flowers, the many-colored crowd in the streets, with the brilliant equipages, the flags, and the dazzling flood of sunlight we have been favored with for the last fortnight, all conspire to give a most exhilirating, sparkling, festival-look to this pleasant city. Strangers are here in shoals; and prices are frightful.

The rage for ornament seems constantly on the increase. The Louvre is one mass of carving and sculpture outside; of carving and gilding within. Private houses follow the fashion; and even the dead walls so common here, owing to the mode of building the houses on so large a scale, are being turned to account. The French, who build their houses in hollow squares round a central court, all of whose windows necessarily stare one another in the face, are excessively jealous of being overlooked by the windows of any other house; and owners have a legal right to prevent a new comer from opening windows that would look upon the garden, (if there be one,) or the windows of his predecessors. Hence the vast numbers of dead walls alluded to, and than which, nothing can well be uglier. The wealthy owners of houses condemned to look upon these uniform surfaces of stone and mortar, are beginning to paint the latter in such a way as to obviate their unsightliness. Thus, in front of the drawing-rooms of one of the magnificent gilded hotels of the new rue de Taitbout, a great unsightly, windowless wall has just been covered with a smooth surface of plaster, on which is painted a really beautiful landscape, representing an opening in a forest. In the foreground are masses of flowers, a river, and rocks; behind, the magnificent denizens of the forest, gnarled and mossy giants, sending down deep shadows relieved with vivid lights; the back ground being filled with faint blue mountain peaks. This landscape, painted in fresco, being admirably done, and the perspectives carefully adapted to the point of view afforded by the windows for whose look-out it is designed, the illusion is remarkably good, and the effect extremely pleasing.

The photographers are busily at work "making hay" during this glorious sunshine. So beautiful are the sheets exposed by them, that it is difficult to pass the windows of Gironx's and other shops where the best specimens are exhibited. Among the fine buildings, landscapes, and flower-pieces thus shown, are three sea-views—mere glittering expanses of water, flecked with here and there a distant sail—so beautiful that crowds are constantly arrested by them. These same tempting windows are just now particularly attractive. Several samples of oak-carving—chairs, bookcases, coffers, &c.—in which wreaths, birds, squirrels, and flowers seem to have suddenly been turned into wood; a magnificent toilette, in silver, just completed for the Princess de G———, with ewers, basins, essence-bottles, boxes, brushes, mirrors, candlesticks, &c., all exquisitely chased in the precious metal; mechanical toys that set the children (young and old!) beside themselves with admiration; and hosts of fanciful trifles, all rich, elegant, and novel are there, asking for a glance as you pass by. Among these pretty things, Giroux has just exhibited some little *jardinieres* of a new kind, consisting of a sort of China dish, or slab, about 8 inches long, and 5 deep, representing the floor of a Chinese room; on each side are ranged tiny tubs of porcelain, each holding its minute plant, ranged one behind the other, on a row of steps. At the top of these steps sits a Chinese, in all the glory of pigtail and trowsers, apparently enjoying his fragrant surroundings. This pretty conceit, not larger than a common table inkstand, contains nine cactus and other plants, dwarfed, and growing as vigorously as though in pots a hundred times as big. These *jardinieres* have been made in China to order, the porcelain of which they are composed, being painted with all the richness of color and sublime contempt of natural proportions for which the Celestial artists are so renowned.

The shops of Paris constitute, in fact, a permanent exhibition of art, and interest the public in a high degree. Nothing is more common than for friends to form a party for the simple purpose of lounging through the principal streets just to see the new things in the windows.

A few days ago, the curiosity of the *flaneurs*, in the *rue de la Paix*, famous for the luxurious elegance of its shops, were astounded at espying in the window of a fashionable jeweller four common pins, old, dull, crooked bits of brass wire, from which all signs of their ancient shining had departed. Why were these four old pins displayed thus in one of the most brilliant shops of Paris?

These pins belonged to a certain count, who took more interest in politics than was agreeable to the unconstitutional government of his native land, and he was accordingly seized and thrown into a dungeon about as dark as the soul of the tyrant, his sovereign. There he was searched from head to foot, and everything that could serve to suggest a thought was taken from him. By chance, *four pins*, stuck into the lining of his coat, escaped the eyes of the police. In order to preserve his mental sanity amidst the terrible fixity of this imprisonment, the count devised a curious use to make of these invaluable treasures. In the morning, he closed his eyes and threw the four pins over his head. He then set himself resolutely, perseveringly, to search for them, creeping about the floor of his dungeon on his hands and knees, scrupulously investigating every corner and cranny, for three or four days together, until he had found them. This employment, sole alleviation of the crushing monotony of his dungeon, lasted for six years! A popular outbreak having opened the count's prison, he would not leave it without having carefully collected the objects which had enabled him to preserve his reason. On his return to his family, his wife begged of him, as the most precious of gifts, these four pins, which she has caused to be worked up into a sort of jewel, and enriched with ten thousand francs' worth of diamonds.

The impossibility, for the principal French artists, of finishing their pictures by the early date fixed for the opening of the forthcoming Fine Arts Exhibition, has compelled a postponement of the same until the 15th of next month. Meantime the government, having purchased the Palace of Industry, with a view to using it for purposes of exhibition, has loaned the ground-floor of this vast structure to the Horticultural Society, which has to-day inaugurated there its annual display. Whatever may be the diversity of opinion with regard to the capacity of this pleasant people to manage its own political affairs, and those of the world in general, (the work for which they seem to imagine themselves to be born!) there can be none with regard to the admirable taste and skill with which they get up anything ornamental.

This exhibition opened to-day, and—I wish I could have lent my eyes to your readers, while visiting the fairy-like scene, as I did an hour ago, expressly for their delectation. The whole ground-floor is covered with a thick layer of gravel, and laid out as a vast garden. The four great entrances are lined with groves of young firs, each with just root enough to keep it, (with constant watering,) fresh and living through the fortnight's display. The entire circumference of the nave is bordered in the same manner. A vast expanse of turf, with beds of flowers, a winding canal about six feet wide, fed by the central fountain, and crossed by a rustic bridge, covered with ivy; broad belts of foreign shrubs and gorgeous flowers all round you, seats, gravelled walks, and the beautiful effects of light from the canvas-covered roof, with its flags and stained-glass pictures, and the tasteful medallions on the fronts of the galleries, produce an effect so charming that they would all most certainly have thanked me for the loan. Being perfectly ventilated, the fragrance of the masses of flowers, and the penetrating sweetness of the thousands of firs that form the verdant background of the scene, are simply delicious; and the musical fall of the fountains, with the singing and twittering of birds in the aviaries, add greatly to the harmony of the general impression.

And the fruit! the grapes, strawberries, melons, almonds, peaches, raspberries, plums and pineapples! The potatoes, beans, peas, beets as big as bolsters, and cauliflowers that would cut up into wigs for whole benches of judges and bishops! The samples of the much-disputed Chinese Igname, from the little spindling concerns as big as your smallest finger, to be used for seed, to the splendid specimens grown for the table, twenty inches long, and six round, looking amazingly like the arms of plump mulatto children, with the brownest of skin and the whitest of meat, and throwing potatoes far into the shade! Samples of flour obtained from this most promising root, are also exhibited in neat boxes; much lighter and whiter than the finest wheaten flour.

Then there is the collection of Algerian roots, fruits, cottons and woods; all odd and interesting, and the fruit makes one's mouth water.—Cherries, lemons, oranges, and quantities of queer, but tempting-looking things, green, yellow or red, smelling so lovely that you would gladly set your teeth into them if you dared; onions as big as a little baby's head, and a great deal whiter; peppers, radishes, maize and tamarinds.

Among other curious things here, such as portable fountains and gardens, to ornament a parlor, improved beehives, and perfected garden chairs, is a specimen of gardener's art, by M. Herault, the well-known landscape gardener of this city, which sends the children into fits of rapture. Imagine a sort of tray, eight feet long by four and a-half wide, surrounded by an iron railing a few inches high, covered with earth, and laid out as a garden. Inside the railing is a close screen, or shrubbery, of dwarfed trees, pines, limes, myrtles &c., all strong and healthy, bordering a flower-bed devoted to plants so chosen as to represent flowering-shrubs. Next is a winding gravel path, running round the whole. The centre is covered with a beautiful grass lawn, dotted over with clumps of trees; with four flower-beds at the corners, and in the middle one of the pretty patent "parlor fountains" aforesaid. In one part of the "grounds" is a mass of rockwork, with water flowing out of its hollows; in another an arbor; elsewhere a rustic table and seats. The whole is proportioned with so much taste and skill, that one is astonished at the completeness of the illusion produced. To show with what art the thing is done, I need only say that one of the tiny beds in the lawn contains *thirteen* rose-bushes, all in perfect condition, and covered with innumerable blossoms. The beds of verbena, heliotrope, &c., are composed of dwarf specimens all laden with flowers.

The Grand Duke left Paris on Saturday last. His entertainment at Fontainebleau seems to have been characterized by a degree of ease and relaxation of courtly etiquette such as could hardly have taken place nearer the capital. Very few guests were invited; and the intercourse of the Imperial, Royal and Noble personages amid the rural and sylvan charms of that enchanting spot, was much as it would have been among a party of ordinary mortals. On one occasion, the Empress took possession of a mound, which she determined to fortify, and keep possession of against the enemy. All the ladies ranged themselves on her side, the gentlemen on the other, under the command of the Grand Duke. In order to equalize the forces, the assailants undertook to make their assault hopping on one leg. Prodigies of valor were performed on both sides, in the course of which the beautiful Countess Predeczlucka, as aide-de-camp to the Empress, won great honor by her skillful strategetical combinations. The Emperor, having penetrated into the heart of the place, was surrounded and made prisoner; the Empress was also carried off by a detachment under the orders of the Grand Duke, but was most gallantly rescued by a band of amazons, assisted by General Totleben, who deserted in the thickest of the *melee*, and passed to the camp of the besieged, to whom he rendered signal service. The engagement was brought to an end by the utter exhaustion of both parties, caused even more by laughter than fatigue. On another occasion, games of prison-bars, running-matches, &c., occupied the court; the Empress being the leading spirit in these pleasant frolics. A magnificent ball, with fireworks on the largest piece of water, closed the hospitalities of the visit.

The Grand Duke passed two days at Paris before quitting this region. The Emperor came in to make him a farewell visit before he left; and the two put their Imperial pates together in a private interview of a couple of hours. The Emperor, wishing to make a visit to his old and devoted friend, Senator Vieillard, who was lying at the point of death, came to town privately, with a single attendant, took a cab at the railway-station, and drove to his house. On alighting, having no change about him, he gave a bank note of 100 francs to the coachman, who was posting off to get change for the same, when the Emperor told him to keep it. The cabman, agape with astonishment, as his fare went into the house, demanded of the attendant who was the "*bourgeois*" who paid a drive in a cab at so astounding a rate.

"Why, who should it be but the Emperor?" answered the other, rather indignant that coachy should have failed to remark the well-known features of the chief of the State.

"The Emperor!" cried the man, thumping himself a famous blow on the head, "and there have I been a behaving to him just as I'd n' done to anybody else!"

M. Vieillard was the preceptor of the eldest son of Queen Hortense, whose paternity was universally attributed to the Emperor himself. The child was named Napoleon, was the image of his mother's step-father, and was adopted by Bonaparte as his intended heir. It was not until after his death, in one of the Italian campaigns, that Bonaparte thought of divorcing Josephine in the hope of an heir. A warm friendship has always subsisted between Louis Napoleon and the old man; and the interview is said to have been a very affecting one to both parties. M. Vieillard is since dead.

The affair of Neufchatel having been brought to a satisfactory close by Louis Napoleon, the journals are rejoicing over the splendid appearance of the crops. Vines and cereals are alike giving excellent promise; even from Greece we hear the best accounts of the vineyards, that, for so many years, have refused to supply the rest of the world with the "currants" so necessary to plum-cake and mince-meat, but which now promise an abundant harvest. Owing to disease among silkworms, advices report silk as going up rapidly at Brousa, and becoming scarce in France and Italy.

QUANTUM.

PHILOSOPHY—AN EPIGRAM.

BY BROWN.

Once when a loaf of baker's bread
Fell from a shelf on Jones's head—
The man, instead of bawling,
Observed, with countenance demure,
"One can't be sorry, I am sure,
To see that bread is falling!"

☞ A jolly doctor of this city, told us the other day, that people who were prompt in their payments always recovered from sickness, as they were good customers, and physicians could not afford to lose them.

☞ There is a man in this city who has not partaken of any food for eleven days, and intends to live without food for the future. He has been recently married, and himself and wife are spiritualists. He sits at the table and takes hold of her hands while she does the eating."—*Boston Herald.*

☞ The Minnesota Times, in saying that the Upper Mississippi is not yet opened, does not consider it very singular that the Father of Waters should have a cold in his head if he insists on keeping his mouth open eleven months in a year.

☞ Experience—Like Time, it puts a man up to many a wrinkle.

☞ "Speeches measured by the hour die with the hour."—*Jefferson.*

☞ Curtis, a celebrated writer on sight, says that the wearing of veils, permanently weakens many naturally good eyes, on account of the endeavors of the eye to adjust itself to the ceaseless vibration of the too common article of dress. Ladies, then should beware of hiding their pretty faces with veils.

☞ A nervous man, whose life was made miserable by the clattering of two blacksmiths, prevailed upon each of them to remove, by the offer of a liberal pecuniary compensation. When the money was paid down, he kindly inquired what neighborhood they intended to remove to? "Why, sir," replied Jack, with a grin on his phiz, "Tom Smith moves to *my* shop, and I move to *his!*"

☞ There is a man in White county, Illinois, who has a wife that has borne him sixteen children; the first six came by twos, the nine by threes—while the last one, poor helpless, lonely thing! came into this world without company. Sixteen children at seven births.

☞ Horrible Revenge.—If you wish to make your bitterest enemy miserable, make his child a present of a drum and a whistle-pipe.

☞ "If officers abroad will have no mercy upon each other in correspondence, I entreat them to have some upon me, and confine themselves to the strict facts of the case, and to write no more than is necessary."—*Wellington.*

☞ If an Artist love his Art for its own sake, he will delight in excellence wherever he meets it, as well in the work of another as in his own. This is the test of true love.

☞ "Please, sir," said a beggar to Scrogg, "couldn't you give me a little something? I had a bad fall from a ladder, when at work at my business, and have to live on charity, sir." "Nonsense," answered Scrogg, "I had not only a bad *fall*, at my business, but a bad winter too, and not much of a spring. I think you ought to give me something!" The beggar sloped.

☞ Near Cleveland lives a hale and hearty man, whose wife says he is possessed of the the most sensitive feelings, and in proof of which she states, that when she goes into the yard and saws wood for half a day, he sits by the fire with tears in his eyes.

☞ When you see an old man amiable, mild, equable, content, and good-humored, be sure that in his youth he has been just, generous, and forbearing. In his end he does not lament the past, nor dread the future; he is like the evening of a fine day.—*Arabic Proverb.*

THE GREAT MR. WICKHAM.

A CURIOUS CASE OF IMPOSTURE.

An intelligent French nobleman, who visited England at the latter end of the seventeenth century, gives the following interesting account of a most remarkable impostor, the details of whose achievements, it would appear, came under the narrator's own knowledge. His book of travels was translated into English, and published in 1719.

A good likely sort of rogue, that had been many years footman to a rich gentleman at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, called *Wickham*, came to London, and took him lodgings at a rich baker's over against Arundel Street in the Strand. He asked the baker what countryman he was, who straight replied from Banbury; and the rogue resolved to feign to be the great Mr. Wickham, was mightily fond of the baker, calling him his countryman, and adding, that since he was of Banbury, he must needs know Mr. Wickham. The baker, though he had been absent from Banbury fifteen or twenty years, was very glad to hear news of it, and indeed perfectly overjoyed when he was told that the very man he was talking to was Mr. Wickham himself. This produces great respect on the part of the baker, and new condescensions from the sham Wickham; nay, the family must be called up, that Mr. Wickham might see them—ay! and they must drink a glass together, and smoke a pipe. The baker did not in the least doubt his having the great Mr. Wickham for a lodger; and yet he could not but marvel to see him without a footman or portmanteau, he therefore makes bold to ask him how a man of his estate came to be so unattended. The rogue, making a sign to him to speak softly, told him that his servants were in a place where he could find them when he wanted them, but that at present he must be very careful of being known, because he came up to town to arrest a great merchant of London, who owed him much monies, and was just going to break; also, that he did desire to be incognito for fear that he should miss his stroke, and so indeed begged that the baker would not mention his name. Next day, he went abroad to take his measures with a comrade of his own stamp, and it was concluded that this latter should appear as Mr. Wickham's servant, and come privily from time to time at night to attend upon his master. That very night he came; and the sham Wickham, looking at his own dirty neckcloth in the glass, was in a great rage at him for letting him be without money, linen, or ought else by his negligence in not *bearing of his box to the wagon in due time, which would cause a delay of more than three days.* All this was said that the baker might hear it, who hereupon runs immediately to his drawer, and carries Mr. Wickham the best linen he had, begging him to honor him so much as to wear it, and at the same time lays down fifty guineas upon the table, that he might do him the favor to accept them also. He at first refused, but with much ado was prevailed upon.

As soon as he had got this money, he made up a livery of the same colors as the true Mr. Wickham, gave it unto another pretended footman, *and also brought a box of goods,* as coming from the Banbury wagon. The honest baker, more satisfied than ever that he had to do with Mr. Wickham, and consequently with one of the richest and noblest gentlemen in the kingdom, made it more and more his business to give him fresh marks of his respect and most zealous affection. To be short, Wickham made shift to milk him of one hundred and fifty guineas (besides the fifty) in a very few days, for which he gave him his note.

It was scarcely three weeks from the beginning of this adventure, all which time he had properly plundered the baker, and no doubt was preparing for some crowning villainy, when this rogue was lording it at a tavern, and was seized with a most serious illness. He got home to bed, where he was waited on by his pretended footman, and again assisted in everything by the good baker, who passed his word to the doctors, apothecaries, and to everybody else; indeed, he was visited by Dr. Smith and Dr. Lowther, two of the most eminent physicians in London.

Meanwhile, Wickham grew worse and worse, and about the fifth day he was given over.

Wickham heard the news as though he had been the best Christian in the world, and fully prepared for death. He desired a minister might be sent for, and received the communion the same day. Never was there more piety, zeal, or confidence in the merits of Christ.—Next day, the danger increasing very much, the impostor told the baker, who was edified to tears at the condition of his noble friend, that it was not enough to take care of his soul, he ought also to set his worldly affairs in order, and so desired that he might make his will, while he was yet sound of mind. A scrivener, therefore, was immediately sent for, and his will made and signed in all the forms, and before several witnesses. Wickham, by this, disposed of all his estate, real and personal, jewels, coaches, teams, race-horses of such and such colors (all specified), packs of hounds, ready money, with his house, with all its appurtenances and dependencies, to the baker; almost all his linen to the wife; 500 guineas to the eldest son; 800 to the four daughters; 200 to the parson that had comforted him in his sickness; 200 to each of the doctors; and 100 to the apothecary; 50 guineas and mourning to each of his faithful footmen; 50 to embalm him; 50 for his coffin alone; 200 to hang the house with mourning, and to defray the rest of the charges of interment; 200 guineas for gloves, gold rings and scarfs and hat-bands; and then such a diamond to such a friend; and such an emerald unto another. Nothing more noble—nothing more generous. All this done, Wickham called the baker to him, loaded him and all his family with benedictions, and presently after my gentleman falls into convulsions and dies.

The baker at first thought of nothing but burying him with all the pomp imaginable, according to the will, so he hung all the rooms in his house, the staircase, and the entry, with mourning-cloth; he gave orders for the making the clothes, the coffin, the rings, &c.; he sent for the embalmer, in a word, he omitted nothing; and having drained his purse to the last, he was in turn forced to borrow to buy little necessaries for this grand funeral.

Wickham was not to be buried till the fourth day after his death, and everything was, it seems, got ready by the second. The baker had now time to go seek for the lawyer the dead rogue had at the last referred him to, before he put him in the ground; so, after his having reverently put the body into a rich coffin, covered with velvet and huge plates of silver, which, indeed, all the town did afterward flock to see, he went to this lawyer, who was, in fact, really lawyer to the true Mr. Wickham, and he was, indeed, strangely surprised to hear of the death of Mr. Wickham, whom, it seems, he had heard of but the day before; but we may easily imagine that the poor baker was far more surprised when he found that in all likelihood he was bit. To conclude, the baker was ere long convinced that the true Mr. Wickham was in perfect health, and that the rogue he had taken for him was the most clever, consistent villain and complete hypocrite that ever lived.

Upon this, he immediately turned the body out of the rich coffin, which he sold for a third part of what it cost him. It might have fetched more if it had not been made scandalous by the body that had been enclosed in it. All the tradesmen that had been employed towards the burial, had compassion on the baker; and, indeed, some took their things again, though not without great loss to him. He himself pulled off his fine mourning, and donned again his old mealy coat; and they dug at night a hole in Saint Clement's Churchyard, where they did throw in the body with as little ceremony as possible.

I was an eye-witness of most of the things which I have here related, and I shall leave the reader to make his own reflections upon them; and I have since been assured, from several hands, that the baker hath since had his great losses pretty well made up to him by the generosity of the true Mr. Wickham, for whose sake the honest baker had been so open-hearted.

This curious instance of the ruling passion strong in death, is equalled in one of Marryatt's novels; where a habitual liar and boaster in his last moments leaves to his friends, by will, a variety of rich and elegant bequests which had never any existence but in his own imagination. The stage is fertile in instances of a similar power of imagination. It is related of a popular actor of a former day, who was celebrated for his impersonations of George III., that he was on one occasion so carried away with the enthusiasm of his part, as well as with strong drink, that he acknowledged the applause of the audience with his hand to his heart, tears in his eyes, and "God bless ye! God bless ye, my children!"

Another actor, at a transpontine theatre, was remarkable for his personification of the first Napoleon; and his resemblance in person to the departed Corsican increased the hearty plaudits with which he was always greeted when he enacted this part. On such nights, he carried the histrionic illusion into which he had worked himself at the footlights to the *arriere scene*, and in the green-room he was not to be approached; he was "gloomy and grand," absent, sententious and curt; he strode up and down, twirling his snuff-box between his fingers, his hands being duly folded Napoleonically behind his back; and thus he remained for an hour or two in a haze of empire and glory.

It is well known that a person feigning madness for a lengthened period may become permanently insane; and on this principle we may account for "the good likely sort of rogue" who personated "the great Mr. Wickham," continuing his audacious deception to the very last, and actually dying in the part he had assumed, in the odor of piety and Christian resignation, and in the generous display of the most extraordinary and princely munificence.

The Scorpion the Cure of his own Poison.—The Capuchin, as we were conversing by the window of his apartment, put his hand incautiously on the frame, and, suddenly withdrawing it, complained of a painful puncture. A Turk, who was with us, on examining the wall, found a scorpion of a pale green color, and near three inches long, which he crushed with his foot, and bound on the part affected as an antidote to its own poison. The smart became inconsiderable after the remedy was applied; and as no inflammation followed, soon ceased. The sting, if neglected, produces acute pain attended with a fever, and other symptoms for several hours; the malignancy of the virus, as it were, decaying, the patient is left gradually free. Some preserve scorpions in oil in a viol, to be used if that which commits the hostility should escape, though it seldom happens but in turning up a log or stone another may be found to supply its place.—*Chandler's Travels in Greece.*

A Roland for an Oliver.—The famous Russian pianist, Lefebvre-Wely was one evening in company with the wealthy shoe-dealer, Sakoski, and the latter called upon him so perseveringly to play for his satisfaction, that he consented, under the mere pressure of importunity. Shortly after, at a party of his own, composed of literary and artistic people, but to which he had invited the boot-maker, Lefebvre-Wely took his revenge. Before all the company he approached Monsieur Sakoski with a boot in his hand which lacked mending, and, in the same tone of urgent politeness which the other then employed to ask for music, he begged the immediate mending of that rip in the boot! It is stated that the rich Sakoski can never since bear the sight of either piano or pianist.

The Past and the Present.—Hume states, that according to Harrison, "in the reign of Henry VIII., there were hanged seventy-two thousand thieves and rogues (besides other malefactors;) this makes about two thousand a year; but in Queen Elizabeth's time, the same author says, there were only between three and four hundred a year hanged for theft and robbery, so much had the times mended. But in our age there are not forty a-year hanged for those crimes in all England." Mr. Hume closes his comparison of former and latter times with the following remark: "Our vulgar prepossession in favor of the morals of former and rude ages is very absurd and ill-grounded."

☞ Wordy and Verdi.—"We have already had Verdi's music without the words, but I think if we could now have a concert of Verdi's *words without the music*, that it would be much the more popular, and infinitely the more musical of the two!"—*Anon.*

IS CLOTHING REQUISITE IN OUR CLIMATE?

EXPERIMENT ON A CHILD.

Some time ago the following paragraph appeared in a Cork paper, and has been largely copied in other journals:—

"The subject of the costume of the ancient Britons has often been discussed; it has been asserted that they were naked. Those who opposed that view adduced as reasons the coldness and variable nature of the climate. The question has been set at rest by an experiment which has recently been made on a child of St. Anne's, Blarney, near Cork. The child is fourteen months old, and is the son of Mr. ——, who determined to ascertain what the human frame would bear. The child is perfectly naked night and day; he sleeps without covering, in a room with the thermometer at thirty-eight degrees; from this he goes into a bath at 118 degrees; he sometimes goes to sleep in the bath; he is perfectly indifferent to heat or cold; he is lively, active, cheerful, and intelligent; his appearance constantly reminds the observer of the best efforts of our best painters and sculptors. Therein is the *beau ideal*; he is the reality. His simple, graceful, natural, easy, and ever varying postures are charming. He arrests the attention and commands the admiration of all who see him. The peculiar character of his skin is very striking; it is exquisitely healthy and beautiful. It may be compared to the rays of the sun streaming through a painted window. During the progress of the experiment he has cut three teeth without manifesting any of the disagreeable symptoms usual to children in that condition. He appears to be quite insensible to pain. Occasionally he has an ugly fall, but not a sound escapes from his lips. His manners, demeanor, and general behavior are equally striking. His mode of saluting a person, is to take the hand in a graceful manner and kiss it. He is under the complete control of his father, and is perfectly quiet during meals, and also whenever he is told to be so. He goes about all day, amusing and occupying himself in a quiet way. No one accustomed to children would know there was a child in the house. So incredible are these results, that some of the residents at St. Anne's regard the whole matter with mingled feelings of horror, amazement, and wonder. Those who have made a careful observation for themselves, and prefer the evidence of their eyes rather than their ears, see nothing but to admire and respect. No doubt some of them would even go so far as to repeat the experiment on their own children, were it not for the fear of that terrible question, 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?'"

The following is an extract from the journal kept by the father of the child:—

"ONE DAY'S JOURNAL.

"I was about to begin with self-reproaches for not having noted, during its progress, the steps of an experiment so novel, and in its consequences so important; but the fact is, that I was not aware that I was making an experiment until the thing was done. Henceforward I shall record daily incidents which may serve to illustrate the case, and at an after period methodically treat it.

"This day (Dec. 27, 1856,) the out-door laborers were engaged in storing ice for the ice-house. This speaks for the severity of the cold during the night. I did not observe the thermometer. The child sleeps on the floor, on a traveling-rug folded in four, the room without fire or carpet, and is generally washed daily. There is a large bow-window to the north. It is the coldest room in the house. He was put to bed at half-past ten. He sleeps beside our bed. He is without any clothes or covering whatever. At one o'clock, being unable to sleep, I lighted the candles to read, sitting up in the bed. I was so cold with three blankets, that I had to put on a fur cloak. The child woke up, and made vehement appeals to be taken in. I took him in. When I was going to sleep myself, I told him to go to bed. He moaned so bitterly that I apprehended that he feared the cold. To test him I got out of the bed, and laid down on his rug (without clothes;) he then would not remain a moment in the warm bed, but followed me to his pallet. He then composed himself to sleep in his own fashion—that is, lying like a frog; and I left him. When he came into bed I was obliged to put a blanket between us, for the bitter cold of his limbs; but every way that I could arrange the clothes led to no sign that he suffered from the cold or desired the heat.

"To correct the frightful fits of crying he used to have, and for another failing which had of necessity to be put a stop to, I had to have recourse formerly to punishment by shaking him, slapping him, and dipping him in a trough of cold water. As his frame hardened under the action of cold, and very severe shampooing, punishment by these processes became impossible. Recently a very grave case had again occurred, when I had recourse to all these processes. I was narrating what I had done, and how I had failed, when I uttered the word 'shake,' he immediately raised his two arms, and shook them triumphantly with a roar of laughter. We could not believe that this was not some incidental impression; we tested him by asking him what was done to him. He immediately repeated the gesture.

"The treatment of this day will serve for all. He has two meals; generally boiled rice, which is put on a napkin on the ground, and he picks it up to the last grain. After that wheaten flour cake, with butter, and a cup of milk, which he drinks. He has milk alone twice in the day besides. The feeding of himself seemed to produce the greatest change in his disposition. While eating his rice, he looks a different being; there is at once a pride and an enjoyment of the performance. He has the air of an orator addressing an audience.

"During the day he goes to sleep when he likes, merely lying down on the floor. I waken him repeatedly during his slumbers by calling to him. The second call is always sufficient, and it is in a low voice. He gets up and comes to me; then I tell him to go back, and down he goes, and not a sound heard. The expression of his countenance is that of severe self-repression and control.

"It was remarked by a lady to-day that he is not like a child, but a small man; and the physician to the Lying-in-Hospital at Cork, guessed his age between two and three. Another gentleman has just remarked that he never knew the meaning of 'man-child,' until he had seen him.

"The attitude he assumes in sleeping is that of the Mussulman making prostrations—on his knees, with his hands spread out before him, which could not be if he suffered from fatigue; but his muscles are too hard for that. By this means he concentrates the caloric in the stomach, and so is indifferent to cold; however cold the limbs (and they get frightfully cold to the touch, and never numb, being, on the contrary, mottled red,) the loins are always warm.

"This is the first working day since he has been in my hand that he has not been in the vapor bath. It is the first word he has learned to say, and he calls for it every morning. Yesterday he was in an hour and a half. He moans a little when the cold water is put on him, but stops when told to do so. Hot water he will bear at a temperature that I could not endure. As I was yesterday carrying him home through the sleet and wind (which he enjoyed so much that he would not go in, but made me carry him about for half an hour on the brow of the hill,) we met some of the unfortunate wrapped-up children, shivering with cold under all their tailor stuff.

"There are three teeth breaking through the gums, but he gives none of the usual signs of teething. He had five teeth before, from which he suffered much; a sixth has come through during the process, and we only know of it by seeing it. He has his meals with us; although he has so long to wait, he is subjected to the trial of seeing us eat first, but not a sound escapes him while waiting.

"The problem he presents physiologically is this; a development of the nerves producing pleasureable sensations, and a corresponding deadening of those the contrary. I should rather say that he shows the existence of distinct sets of nerves for pleasure and pain. The intensity of the enjoyment which he derives from contact with the skin is only equalled by the insensibility of the flesh. We have never known him, since his exposure to extreme cold, to cry from pain. My object is to combine extremes of temperature, so as to harden by the one and develope by the other. Last night the difference between his power of enjoyment and mine was brought home to me in a remarkable manner, by my suffering from the state of the surrounding atmosphere when he knew none, enlarging to an equal degree the pleasures derivable from atmospheric temperature. And this is only the commencement of the process. When he is two years old he will be able to enjoy life, as dependant upon the surrounding atmosphere, in the opposite extremes of zone, where life is supportable, under ordinary circumstances, only by means of clothing. The necessity of clothing after a certain age, will not interfere with the process, as during the night, when the temperature is lowest, and no caloric is evolved by action, the body can be exposed. If he were exposed to cold only he might then suffer from heat, but he is equally armed against both.

"This experiment, in regard to temperature, includes that other experiment which has hitherto been the extreme point contemplated by innovators—the free admission of oxygen. It is not merely the affording scope to the skin to take life from the air, but the hardening of the muscles to increase life. Perhaps, after all, the Berserkers were no myth. Perhaps the energy of the Romans may be traced to the clothing or want of it, of the children recorded in the ceremony of the induction of the virile garb. In the tombs of their masters, the Etruscans, as in those of Asia Minor, children are represented absolutely naked until twelve years. We refer the characters of nations to climate, and forget clothing, by which we can get every climate. This child may be killed by a brickbat, but he has no more to fear from disease than a calf or a foal; for this is life, according to nature, using the elements for health and strength which, when misused, are those of destruction; and yet the experiment will be barren, for judgment cannot be conveyed by results.

"Dec. 28.—Last night he slept under clothes, in the ordinary way. In the morning his color was gone. Contrasted with the usual appearance, he was like a lantern without the light; in fact, with the difference of the contour, he was like what he was before he was exposed to the air and cold. On two occasions, of nights particularly cold, when he was in his naked state longer than usual, the brilliancy of his color and the liveliness of his action was remarked by those who saw him.

"In reference to the foregoing, the following extract from a letter addressed to the father of the child by a gentleman in the medical profession, will be read with interest: 'I concur with Dr. B. that, if you were obliged to practise as a physician, you would be another Davy or Liebig. I am reminded of Abrahman's submission and obedience to the Divine Will, by your philanthropic spirit in experimenting upon your own child for the good of mankind. Your success is the greater reward. You have given much matter for the consideration of medical men in the facts set forth. I can now understand the wise motive in the custom of northern nations, among whom there is a vapor bath in every house. Nurses know that children who, from their birth, get a daily cold bath, are stronger and healthier than those who do not. Water, whether at high or low temperature, gives a greater shock to sensibility than air. Many a tenderly-reared officer who succumbed to the inclemency of the weather in the huts before Sebastopol, might have been living now, had his mother acted more upon your plan. Dr. Dods, an American, says he who cannot reason is a fool; he who dares not is a coward; he who will not is a bigot; but he who can, dares, and will reason, is a man. But I say that he who has confidence in his reasonings, faith in himself, and courage to act upon his conclusions, is a man of strong mind and noble soul, fearless and firm. You prove to be all that, and more; you are prudent and cautious, for if the child should suffer from cold or croup, you have a ready remedy in a bath at 118 deg.' Dr. M'Cormack, of Belfast, read a paper before the Edinburgh Medical Society, to show that tubercular diseases are caused solely by a vice of respiration, transpiration through the skin being a respiratory act."

[We give the above as we find it, in a respectable London journal—the account of such an experiment being tried having been already copied in the Post. There is evidently no hoax in the matter. As to the experiment itself, and how far a father is justified in trying such exposure upon his child, we at present shall say nothing.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

A STAGE-COACH ADVENTURE IN 1750.

Our engraving of "A Stage-Coach Adventure" in the old times, when highwaymen were as "thick as blackberries," possesses considerable of the Hogarthian element. The highwayman is not of the Claude Du Val, but rather of the "Colonel Jack" or "Golden Farmer" stamp. Mark him well; his coarse, red coat (quite different in texture, though not in hue, to the scarlet broadcloth of the captain in lace, who is consoling the widow), his cheap finery, his hat audaciously cocked; all this is redolent of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet, and Tom King's Coffee-House, of the "sound of coaches," night cellars, blood money, the condemned hold, the cart, the ordinary, Holborn Hill, St. Giles's bowl, and the triple tree. We can see where that gentleman began, and where he will indubitably end.

It is rather a sudden shock, when you are travelling peaceably along the highway to have a pistol thrust in at the window, and your money or your life demanded. The various and contending emotions of the travellers are well portrayed. The captain in lace, (who, by-the-way, is an arrant poltroon), the Quaker slipping his well-lined pocket book beneath the cushion, and the old lady who has given up all for lost, and tenders her purse to the highwayman, in an agony of fear, are scenes which were witnessed nightly, a century or two ago.

OUR LETTICE.

BY ASHTON KER.

I said to Lettice, our sister Lettice,
While drooped and twinkled her lashes brown,
"Your man's a poor man, a cold and dour man,
There's many a better about our town"
She laughed securely: "He loves me purely;
A true heart's safer than smile or frown;
And nothing harms me when his heart warms me,
Let the world go up or the world go down.

"He comes of strangers; strangers are rangers,
Aye trusting nothing that's out of sight;
New folk may blame ye, or e'en defame ye,
A gown o'er-handled looks seldom white."
She raised serenely her eyelids queenly,
"My innocence is my whitest gown;
No ill tongue grieves me, while he believes me,
Whether the world goes up or down."

"Your man's a frail man—was ne'er a hale man,
And sickness knocketh at many a door;
And death comes making bold hearts cower breaking;"
Our Lettice quivered, but once—no more.
"If Death should enter, smite at the centre
Our small home palace, all crumbling down,
He will not blight us, nor disunite us;
Life bears Love's cross, Death brings Love's crown."

An Arab Caravan.—The rate at which a loaded camel travels is estimated at two miles and a half an hour by almost every traveller. Our caravan has not, I think, exceeded this, but the variety of its movements has been very tiresome. The Arab drivers, who walk in front of the animals, never miss an opportunity of a piece of pasture; but however distant it may be from the proper course, lead them towards it, and with the short sticks they carry, beat them into the tickest part of it. The camels are anxious enough for the matter themselves, and huddle so together that their riders' legs are in tolerable danger of being crushed in the contact. There is so strong a resemblance to a voyage at sea in the passage across the Desert, that I can not divest myself of the belief that the moving mass is but a collection of small vessels carried into a heap by the tide. Every man is ready with his stick to fend off the animal that approaches his. One push separates them as it would do a couple of boats; they move away quite unconscious of the circumstances, till another moment swings them together again. The drivers are the poorest and lowest of the tribe, and exercise the sticks they carry with very little ceremony. For example: I was in the act of drinking water with the flask applied to my lips, when my camel, receiving a blow for going where he should not, turned suddenly round, and I came in a sitting posture to the ground, amid the laughter of the whole of my part of the caravan. I contrived to bear the fall, and, without having moved my flask, continued to drink. I received an Arab cheer for this feat; and when I had remounted, several came to congratulate me on the ingenious manner of my fall. One Arab, who had travelled a great deal in Syria, and had seen many Franks, assured me that I was more fit to be an Arab than any he had ever met, for Franks were all excessively awkward and disconcerted when they fell. I do not mean either to take much merit to myself for this act of agility, or to recommend it to the practice of travellers; but it has positively gained me more good-will from my wild companions than the most sedate demeanor could have done.—*Journal in the Desert.*

How Macaulay Writes History.—The best portraits are perhaps those in which there is a slight mixture of caricature, and we are not certain that the best histories are not those in which a little of the exaggeration of fictitious narrative is judiciously employed. Something is lost in accuracy, but much is gained in effect. The fainter lines are neglected, but the great characteristic features are imprinted on the mind forever.—*Macaulay's Essay on Machiavelli.*

The Man that Had no Music in His Soul.—It is said that Bonaparte, while he acknowledged the influence of music over the minds of his soldiers, and consequently always provided them with good bands, was himself but little sensible to its charms, and although gifted with a beautiful voice, he could not sing in tune. Singing was even a sign of ill-humor on his part, and, when he was cross, he walked about with his hands behind him, humming an air falsely as possible, and then few dared to approach him. "If you have anything to ask of the General," said Junot, one day, to M. Arnault, "I advise you not to go near him just now, for he is singing."

The Origin of "Boo!"—How many are aware of the origin of the word "boo!" used to frighten children? It is a corruption of Bob, the name of a fierce Gothic General, the son of Odin, the mention of whose name spread a panic among his enemies.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

In the life of the late Gov. Plumer, written by his son, William Plumer, Jr., is the following account of John Dudley, of Raymond, N. H., who was a Judge of the Superior Court of that State from 1786 to 1797:

This extraordinary man, who was for twelve years Judge of the Superior Court, had not only no legal education, but little learning of any kind. But he had a discriminating mind, a retentive memory, a patience, which no labor could tire, an integrity proof alike against threats and flattery, and a free elocution, often uncouth, bold, clear, and expressive, with a warmth of honest feeling, which it was not easy to resist. His ideas of law may be inferred from the conclusion of one of his charges to the jury, which I once heard my father repeat. It was somewhat in this style:

"You have heard, gentlemen of the jury, what has been said in this case by the lawyers, the rascals! but I won't abuse them. It is their business to make a good case for their clients; they are paid for it; and they have done it in this case well enough. But you and I, gentlemen, have something else to consider. They talk of law. Why, gentlemen, it is not law that we want, but justice. They would govern us by the common law of England.—Trust me, gentlemen, common sense is a much safer guide for us—the common sense of Raymond, Epping, Exeter, and the other towns, which have sent us here to try this case between two of our neighbors. A clear head and an honest heart are worth more than all the law of all the lawyers. There was one good thing said at the bar. It was from one Shakspeare, an English player, I believe. No matter. It is good enough almost to be in the Bible. It is this: 'Be just, and fear not.' That, gentlemen, is the law in this case, and law enough in any case. 'Be just, and fear not.' It is our business to do justice between the parties, not by any quirks of the law out of Coke or Blackstone, books that I never read and never will, but by common sense and common honesty, as between man and man. That is our business; and the curse of God is upon us if we neglect or evade or turn aside from it. And now, Mr. Sheriff, take out the jury; and you, Mr. Foreman, do not keep us waiting with idle talk, of which there has been too much already, about matters that have nothing to do with the merits of the case. Give us an honest verdict, of which, as plain common sense men, you need not be ashamed."

I have made the judge speak good English, which he did not very often do. "This 'ere plaintiff," and "that 'ere defendant," "them lawyers," and "these 'ere witnesses," were expressions that fell from his lips; yet, it was observed, that when warmed by his subject, his language, always forcible, became suddenly accurate and even elegant, so naturally is correctness as well as eloquence, the result of clear thought and earnest feeling. It will not excite surprise, that such a judge carried the jury with him. Indeed, when fairly under way there was no stopping him. He trampled down and ran over everything that stood before him, and came out always first at the goal. He had been, from 1775 to 1784, during the whole period of the revolution, one of the Committee of Safety, the most efficient of governments. Quick to feel and prompt to act, he was a resolute, strong minded man, intent on doing substantial justice in every case, though often indifferent to the forms and requirements of law. "You may laugh," said Theophilus Parsons, who practised for many years in our courts, "at his law, and ridicule his language; but Dudley is, after all, the best judge I ever knew in New Hampshire." To have received this praise from judge Parsons, Dudley must have been, on the whole not ignorant of law, nor inattentive to its substantial requirements. "Justice," said Arthur Livermore, speaking to me of Dudley, before whom he had himself practised, "was never better administered in New Hampshire than when the judges knew very little of what the lawyers call law."

Bathing by Turkish Ladies.—When a Turkish lady bathes, her attire is first removed. An attendant takes a glove—every day it is a new glove—of undressed silk. With the disengaged hand she pours over her mistress basin after basin of warm water. Then by means of gentle friction of the glove, she slowly removes the salts and impurities which are deposited on the skin. This finished, the attendant covers the lady from head to foot, by means of a mop of downy silk, with a lather made of a particular emollient soap. Upon this soap, which is a kind believed to be peculiar to Turkey, depends much of the pencil-like softness and snowy whiteness of the skin, for which refined Eastern women are so remarkable; it has the reputation of removing stains, spots and freckles that are not deeply marked into the cuticle. This part of the matter having been carefully performed, the lady is again deluged in water, heated to about 120 deg., and poured over her person from a basin of silver. Very large towels of the finest muslin, richly embroidered with flowers and gold, are then wrapped around her, and she is led into an apartment, where, reclining on a heap of cushions, she sinks into a soft, dream-like langor, that might become faintness, were it not for the assiduity with which she is fanned.—*Oscanyan's Turkey and the Turks.*

Bare-breasted against the Bullets.—A Life-Guardsman was brought to George the Fourth, fresh from Waterloo, to give his opinion as to the question of increasing the defensive armor of the Englishman. "Now," said the King, "if there was another scrimmage like Waterloo, and you had your own choice, how should you dress for it?" "Well, and please your Majesty," said the London Mars, "I should like to take off my coat and tuck up my sleeves." So much for a practical man's opinion of defensive armor, which, at the boom of the first cannon, dropped off the European, who henceforward prepared to meet death bare-breasted and open-eyed.

Aristocracy and Democracy.—Compare the splendid apostrophe of Burke to Maria Antoinette, in the day of her radiant state and loveliness, with the annexed entry relative to her burial, made by the sexton in the records of the Madelaine: "Paid seven francs for a coffin for the Widow Capet."

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

A change of dress at every variation of the seasons is no less requisite for children than for their elders. It will, therefore, add some further observations to those we recently offered on juvenile costume. For boys of six or seven, a paletot and trowsers of the same material, trimmed with velvet or braid, are very generally adopted. The material may be any of the textures usually worn by little boys; such as cashmere, poplin, &c. A paletot and trowsers of gray cashmere have just been made for a boy about the age above mentioned. The skirt of the paletot and the ends of the sleeves are edged round with black velvet: it is fastened close up to the throat with a row of black velvet buttons. The trowsers, which descend a little below the knee, have a stripe of velvet up each side. The ends are bordered with black velvet and trimmed with a broad frill of jacconet, ornamented with needlework. The collar and undersleeves are of embroidered jacconet. White cotton stockings and cashmere boots of the same color as the dress, tipped with black leather, complete the dress. Nankeen has recently been much employed for little boys' dresses. We have seen a dress of this material, made for a little boy about five years of age. It consists of a skirt and jacket. The skirt is trimmed up each side with white braid, set on in an ornamental pattern. The jacket, which is trimmed with white braid, is close at the throat; at the waist the corners are rounded, and there is a small slit on each side.

For girls of an early age a little dress of white pique is suitable. One, just made for a child two years old, has the corsage low and square; the sleeves short, and edged with a frill ornamented with needlework. Dresses of silk are frequently adopted for girls of an age more advanced than either of those above mentioned. A little dress of dark-blue striped silk has just been completed. It is trimmed with three flounces, each edged with a row of narrow velvet the color of the dress. The top flounce is set in at the waist. The corsage, half high, is trimmed with a berthe, which is round at the back, and has the ends in front crossed one over the other. A chemisette, worn under the corsage, reaches to the throat, where it is finished by a turning-down frill. The sleeves of the dress are demi-wide, and are terminated by a wide *revers*. White undersleeves and trowsers. An out-door dress, destined for a girl of ten years of age, consists of green and white checquered silk. There is no trimmings on the skirt of this dress. With it is worn a small cloak of black silk, trimmed with chenille fringe, and a bonnet of pink silk, ornamented with narrow stripes of black velvet, disposed in a lozenge pattern. The bonnet is edged with black velvet, and trimmed at the sides with loops of velvet in clusters. The inside trimming consists of a ruche of blonde with rose-buds intermingled.—*London Lady's Paper, May 9th.*

PUTNAM AS A SPY.

Among the officers of the Revolutionary army, none, probably, possessed more originality than General Putnam, who was eccentric and fearless, blunt in his manners, the daring soldier without the polish of a gentleman. He might well be called the Marion of the North, though he disliked disguise, probably from the fact of his lisping, which was very apt to overthrow any trickery which he might have in view. At that time, a stronghold called Horseneck, some miles from New York, was in the hands of the British. Putnam, with a few sturdy patriots, was lurking in the vicinity, bent on driving them from the place. Tired of lurking in ambush, the men began to be impatient, and importuned the general with the question as to when they were to have a bout with the foe. One morning he made a speech something to the following effect, which convinced them that something was in the wind: "Fellows, you have been idle too long, and so has the ox-team and the bag of corn. If I come back, I will let you know the particulars; if I should not, let them have it, by hookey."

He soon afterwards mounted his ox-cart, dressed as one of the commonest order of Yankee farmers, and was soon at Buck's tavern, which was in possession of the British troops. No sooner did the officers espy him than they began to question him as to his whereabouts, and finding him a complete simpleton as they thought, they began to quiz him, and threatened to seize his corn and fodder. "How much do you ask for your whole concern?" asked they. "For mercy's sake, gentlemen," replied the mock clodhopper, with the most deplorable look of entreaty, "only let me off, and you shall have my hull team and load for nothing, and if that don't dew, I'll give my word I'll return to-morrow, and pay you heartily for your kindness and condescension." "Well," said they, "we'll take your word. Leave the team and provender with us, and we wont require any bail for your appearance." Putnam gave up the team, and sauntered about for an hour or so, gaining all the information he wished. He then returned to his men and told them of the foe, and the plan of attack. The morning came, and with it sallied out the gallant band. The British were handled with rough hands, and when they surrendered to General Putnam, the clodhopper, his sarcastically remarked: "Gentlemen, I have kept my word. I told you I would call and pay you for your kindness and condescension."—*Revolutionary Reminiscences.*

Popular Estimate of Greatness.—"Oh," said a French dunce, "I know that fellow Descartes—there is nothing in him; he is quite a common person." Another said that he was "a dangerous, chimerical fool." He died in exile. A Mons. Regis, whom no human being remembers, successfully harried Malebranche. He was assisted in worrying the searcher after truth by a Mons. Arnauld, equally obscure. Pope was badgered into writing the "Dunciad;" Adam Smith was long considered as a dreamer; Pitt did not fully comprehend the "Wealth of Nations;" Fox arrogantly declared it "*post understanding.*" It is so painful even for great men to acknowledge a superior or a peer, that a generation passed away before the doctrines of Adam Smith were generally admitted. As for the majority of the people, it is of course evident that the commanding minds of the age are years of thought and study in advance of them.

DEAR FRIEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

Oh, friend, beloved friend of mine!
That early time, when first we met,
It haunteth all my spirit yet
With memories divine!

I seem to see thee now as then;
I gaze into thine earnest eyes,
And, whispering low with sweet replies,
I hear thy voice again.

Long weary days have come and gone
Since thou and I have dwelt apart,
Divided far, yet still at heart
Indissolubly one.

And I—our plighted faith has been
A blessed bond, a sacred trust,
To strengthen this imperfect dust,
And keep my soul from sin.

Time, he that oft estranges some,
Has closer bound the electric cord,
And we will hope that our reward
Is in the life to come!

CONSOLATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY CLARA DOTY.

I've seen the spring-time come with buds and flowers,
And bursting leaves;
I've seen the summer come with fruitful showers,
And golden sheaves;

And then the autumn with a mournful breath,
And pall of gloom;
And winter, chilling all with scenes of death—
Death and the tomb.

But never have the buds and flowers died,
The leaves decayed,
The beauties God has scattered far and wide,
Been lowly laid;

But when the spring time came around once more,
And warm winds blew,
They woke and stood as bright and beautiful
As first they grew.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE of the WAR WITH MEXICO

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A DECLARATION ON HORSEBACK.

Face to face with my beautiful brunette! Her eyes fell upon me in an expression of surprise. I felt abashed by the glance; my conduct was not *en regle*. I bethought me of an apology. What excuse could I offer for such unceremonious intrusion? Accident? She would not believe it; the time and the place were against such a supposition. With an intellect like hers, it would be idle to adopt so shallow an artifice. No; I would not dissemble; I would boldly avow the truth. Jealousy had rendered me reckless of the result.

"*Adios, cavellero!*" said she, interrupting my hurried reflections. "*Carrambo*, where is your guide? How have you found this place?"

"Easily enough, senorita; I followed the tracks of your horse."

"But so soon—I did not expect you—"

"No, you expected another?"

"Certainly. I thought Cyprio would arrive before you—"

"Cyprio!"

"Cyprio—yes, Cyprio."

"Senorita, if this be another name for your Proteus cousin, I have to say it will be better for him he should not arrive at all."

"My cousin!—better not arrive! Holy Trinity, capitan! I do not comprehend you!" Her large brown eyes were rolling in astonishment. I was as much puzzled as she, but I had begun my explanation, and was determined to carry it to the end.

"Then, Senorita de Vargas, I shall be more explicit. If Rafael Ijurra appear upon this ground, either he or I leaves it not alive. He has attempted my life, and I have vowed to take his, whenever and wherever I may meet him."

"Pray heaven you may keep your vow!"

"Your cousin?"

"My cousin—Rafael Ijurra—my worst foe—the direst enemy of our house."

"Ha! but were you not awaiting him?"

"Awaiting *him!* Ha, ha, ha! No. Little timid though I be, I should not desire to be there alone with Rafael Ijurra."

"Lady, you astonish me! pray explain—"

"*Per dios!* gallant capitan, 'tis you who need explain. I sought this interview to thank you for your noble gift. You meet me with anger in your eye, and bitter words upon your tongue."

"You sought this interview?—say you so, lady?"

"Certainly I did. For reasons already known to you, I dared not invite you to our house; so I have chosen this pretty glade for my drawing-room. How do you like it, cavellero?"

"In your society, senorita, the rudest spot would appear a paradise."

"Again the poet's tongue! Ah, capitan, remember the yellow domino! No more flattery, I pray; we are no longer *en masque*.—Face to face, let us be candid with each other."

"With all my heart I accept the conditions. Candor is the very thing I desire, for, to say the truth, I came prepared for a confession."

"A confession!"

"Precisely so; but since you are an advocate for candor, may I first ask a question?"

"Ho! you wish to play the confessor with me?"

"I do, senorita."

"Brave, capitan! Proceed! I shall answer you in all sincerity."

"Then, lady, what I would ask—Who is this Cyprio whom you expected?"

"Cyprio! Ha, ha, ha! Who should this Cyprio be but my mozo! he who carried my message to you. Why do you put such a ques-?"

"He who carried your message to me?"

"Of course. Yonder is the *muchacho* himself. Hola, Cyprio! you may return to the house. *Carrambo*, capitan! both he and you might have sped well. I did not expect you for an hour; but you soldiers are soon in the field. So much the better, for it is getting late, and I have a great deal to say to you."

IJURRA FOILED.

A light had broken upon me. 'Twas Cyprio I had passed in the forest-shade; the boy was the bearer of a message—hence his having hailed me. 'Twas I who was expected to keep the assignation; 'twas I for whom the time-piece had been consulted—for whom those earnest glances had been given! The bitter moments were past, and my heart swelled anew with proud and pleasant emotions.

As yet she knew not that I had come without invitation. Cyprio, at the word of command, had gone off without making any reply, and my prompt appearance upon the ground was left unexplained.

I was about to account for it, and offer some apology for my brusque behavior, when I was challenged to the confession I had just promised.

Minor thoughts gave way before the important purpose I had formed, and to which the banter now recalled me. So fair an opportunity might never offer again. In the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, the chance of to-day should not be disregarded—to-morrow may bring change either in the scene or the circumstances; and I was skilled enough in love-lore to know that an hour unimproved is often followed by an age of regrets.

But, in truth, I do some wrong to my character; I was but little under the influence of such cunning cognizance at that moment. I acted not by volition, but rather under pressure of a passion that held complete mastery over my will, and compelled me to the declaration I was about to make.

It was simple enough—three little words in either of the two sweet tongues in which we understood each other. I chose the one—of all others most attuned to the tones of the loving heart—and bending low to that fair face, and gazing into the liquid depths of those large, inquiring eyes, I whispered the sweet, though oft repeated phrase:

"*Yo te amo.*"

The words quivered upon my lips, but their tone proved the sincerity in which I had spoken. No doubt it was further manifest by the earnestness of my manner as I awaited her reply.

The habitual smile had departed from her lips; the damask red deepened and rose higher upon her cheeks; the dark fringes drooped downward, and half-concealed the burning orbs beneath; the face of the gay girl had suddenly assumed the serious air of womanhood.

At first I was terrified by the expression, and could scarcely control my dread; but I drew hope from the flushed cheek, the rosente neck, the swelling, panting bosom. Emotions were stirring in that breast. Oh, what emotions!—Will she not speak? Will she not declare them?

There was a long interval of silence—to me it seemed an age.

"Senor," she said, at length—'twas the first time I had heard that voice tremble—"Senor, you promised to be candid; you have been so; are you equally *sincere?*"

"I have spoken from the depth of my soul."

The long lashes were raised, and the love-light gleamed from her liquid eyes; for a moment it burned steadily, bathing my heart as with balm. Heaven itself could not have shed a brighter beam upon my spirit.

All at once a smile played upon her features, in which I detected, or fancied so, the gay insouciance that springs from indifference. To me it was another moment of pain. She continued:

"And, pray, capitan, what would you have me do?"

I felt embarrassed, and replied not.

"Would you have me declare that I love you?"

"Oh! you cannot—you do not—"

"You have not asked the question!"

"No, lady. I dreaded the answer."

"Ho! what a coward you have grown of late! A pity I am not masked. Shall I draw this veil? Ha, ha, ha!"

It was not the manner of love. Love laughs not. My heart was heavy; I made no reply, but with eyes upon the ground, sat in my saddle, feeling like one condemned.

For some moments her laughter rang in my ears, as I fancied, in mockery. The sweet, silvery voice only grated upon my heart. Oh, that I had never listened to its syren tones!

I heard the hoof stroke of her horse; and, looking up, saw that she was moving away from the spot. Was she going to leave me thus?

She spurred towards the centre of the glade, where the ground was higher, and there again pulled up.

"Come hither, cavallero!" she cried, beckoning to me with her small gloved hand.

Mechanically, I rode up to the spot.

"So, gallant capitan! you who are brave enough to meet a score of foes, have not the courage to ask a woman if she loves you!"

A dismal smile was my only reply to this bitter badinage.

"Ah! capitan," she continued, "I will not believe it; ere now you have put that dreaded interrogatory—often, I fear too often."

I looked at her with surprise. There was a touch of bitterness in the tone. The gay smile was gone; her eyelids drooped; her look was turned upon the ground.

Was this real, or only a seeming? the prelude to some abrupt antithesis? some fresh outburst of satire?

"Senorita!" said I, "the hypothesis, whether true or false, can have but little interest for you."

She answered me with a smile of strange intelligence. I fancied there was sadness in it. I fancied.

"We cannot recover the past," said she, interrupting my thoughts; "no, no, no! But for the present—say again—tell me again that you love me!"

"Love you!—yes, lady—"

"And I have your heart, your whole heart?"

"Never can I love another!"

"Thanks! thanks!"

"No more than thanks, Isolina?"

For some moments she remained silent, her eyes averted from me; she appeared struggling with some emotion.

"Yes, more than thanks," she replied at length; "three things more—if they will suffice to prove my gratitude."

"Name them!"

"Why should prudery tie my tongue? I promised to be candid. I, too, came here to make confession. Listen! Three things I have said. Look around you!—north, south, east, and west—the land you see is mine; be it yours, if you will."

"Isolina!"

"This, too, can I bestow"—she held forth her little hand, which I clasped with fervid emotion.

"And the third?"

"The third, on second thoughts, I cannot give; 'tis yours already."

"It is —— ?"

"*Mis corazon*" (My heart.)

Those splendid steeds, like creatures of intelligence, appeared to understand what was said; they had gradually moved closer and closer, till their muzzles touched and their steel curbs rang together. At the last words, they came side by side, as if yoked in a chariot. It appeared delight to them to press their proud heaving flanks against each other, while their riders, closing in mutual clasp, leaned over and met their lips in that wild fervid kiss which forms the climax of love.

CHAPTER XLVII.

STRAYED FROM THE TRACK.

We parted upon the top of the hill; it was not prudent for us to be seen together. Isolina rode away first, leaving me in the glade. We bade adieu in that phrase of pleasant promise, "*hasta la manana*" (until to-morrow.) To-morrow we should meet again. To-morrow, and to-morrow, we should visit that sweet spot, repeat our burning words, renew our blissful vows.

I remained some minutes on the ground, now hallowed and holy. Within, the tumult of triumphant passion had passed, and was succeeded by the calm repose of perfect contentment. My heart's longings had been gratified; it had found all that it desired—even to the full reciprocity of its passion. What would it more? There is no more of mundane bliss. Life has no felicity to cope with requited love; it alone can give us a foretaste of future joys; by it only may we form some idea of the angel existence of heaven.

The world without was in harmony with the spirit within. The scene around me was rose color. The flowers appeared fresher in tint, and breathed a sweeter fragrance in the air; the hum of the homeward bee, laden with treasures for his love-queen, fell with a dreamy pleasance upon the ear; the voices of the birds sounded softer and more musical; even the *aras* and paroquets, chanting in a more subdued tone, no longer pronounced that hated name; and the tiny Mexican doves—*las palomitas*, scarcely so large as finches—walked with proud gait over the ground, or side by side upon the branches of the myrtles—like types of tender love—told their heart's tale in soft and amorous cooing.

Long could I have lingered by that consecrated spot, even *hasta la manana*, but duty claimed me, and its calls must not be disregarded. Already the setting sun was flinging purple beams over the distant prairie; and, heading my horse down the hill, I once more plunged under the shadows of the mimosas.

Absorbed in my supreme happiness, I took no heed of aught else; I noticed neither track nor path.

Had I left my horse to himself, most likely he would have taken the right road; but in my reverie, perhaps I had mechanically dragged upon the rein, and turned him from it. Whether or not, after a lapse of time, I found myself in the midst of thick woods, with not the semblance of a trail to guide me; and I knew not whether I was riding in the right direction. I ought rather to say that I knew the contrary—else I should long since have reached the clearings around the village.

Without much reflection, I turned in a new direction, and rode for some time without striking a trail. This led me once more into doubt, and I made head back again, but still without success. I was in a forest-plain, but I could find no path leading anywhere; and amid the underwood of palmettoes I could not see any great distance around me. Beyond a question, I had strayed far out of my way.

At an early hour of the day, this would have given me little concern; but the sun had now set, and already, under the shadow of the moss-covered trees, it was nearly dark. Night would be down in a few minutes, and in all probability I should be obliged to spend it in the forest—by no means an agreeable prospect, and the less so that I was thinly clad and hungry. True, I might pass some hours in sweet reflection upon the pleasant incident of the day—I might dream rosy dreams—but, alas! the soul is sadly under the influence of the body; the spiritual must ever yield to the physical, and even love itself becomes a victim to the vulgar appetite of hunger.

I began to fear that, after all, I should have but a sorry night of it. I should be too hungry to think; too cold either to sleep or dream; besides, I was likely to get wet to the shirt; the rain had commenced falling in large heavy drops.

After another unsuccessful effort to strike a trail, I pulled up and sat listening. My eyes would no longer avail me; perhaps my ears might do better service.

And so it chanced. The report of a rifle reached them, apparently fired some hundred yards off in the woods.

Considering that I was upon hostile ground, such a sound might have caused me alarm; but I knew from the sharp whip-like crack that the piece was a hunter's rifle, and no Mexican ever handled a gun of that kind. Moreover, I had heard, closely following upon the shot, a dull concussion, as of some heavy body dropped from a high elevation to the ground. I was hunter enough to know the signification of this sound. It was the game—bird or beast—that had fallen to the bullet.

An American must have fired that shot; but who? There were only three or four of the rangers who carried the hunter-rifle—a very different weapon from the "regulation" piece—old backwoodsmen who had been indulged in their whim. It might be one of these.

Without hesitation, I headed my horse for the spot, and rode as rapidly as the underwood would permit me. I certainly must have passed the place where the shot had been fired, and yet I saw no one; but just as I was about to pull up again, a well-known voice reached me from behind with the words:

"Jumpin Geehosophat! it ur the young feller!"

Turning, I beheld my trapper comrades just emerging from the bushes, where they had cautiously *cached* on hearing the hoof-strokes of my horse.

Rube carried upon his shoulders a large turkey gobbler—the game I had heard drop—while upon Garey's back I observed the choice portions of a deer.

"You have been foraging to some advantage," I remarked as they came up.

"Yes, cap'n," replied Garey, "*we* won't want for rashuns. Nut but that your rangers offered us a plenty to eat; but ye see we couldn't in honor accept o' it, for we promised to find for ourselves."

"Yo-es, durn it!" added Rube, "we're free mountainee men—ain't a gwine to sponge on nobody—we ain't."

"An, cap'n," continued Garey, "thar don't appear to be any great eatin fixins about the place for yourself neyther; if yu'll just accept o' the turkey, an one o' these hyar quarters o' the deer-meat, thar's plenty left for Rube and me; ain't thar, Rube?"

"Gobs!" was the laconic answer.

I was not loth to satisfy the wish of the hunters—for, to say the truth, the village larder had no such delicacies as either wild turkey or venison—and having signified my assent, we all three moved away from the spot. With the trappers for my guides, I should soon get into the right road. They, too, were on their return to the post. They had been in the woods since noon. They were both afoot, having left their horses at the rancheria.

After winding about half a mile among the trees, we came out upon a narrow road; here my companions, who were unacquainted with the neighborhood, were at fault as well as myself; they knew not which direction to take. It was dark as pitch, but, as on the night before, there was lightning at intervals. Unlike the preceding night, however, it was now raining as if all the sluices of the sky had been set open; and by this time we were all three of us soaking wet. The whole canopy of heaven was shrouded in black, without a single streak of light upon it—not even a star. Who could discover the direction in such a night?

As the lightning flashed, I saw Rube bending down over the road; he appeared to be examining the tracks. I noticed that there were wheel-tracks—deep ruts—evidently made by the rude block-wheels of a *carreta*. It was these that the trapper was scanning.

Almost as soon as a man could have read the direction from a finger-post, Rube raised himself erect, and crying out:

"All right—this-away!" set off along the road.

I was curious to know how he had determined the point, and questioned him.

"Wal, yur see, young feller, it ur the trail o' a Mexikin cart; an anybody as iver seed thet ur vamint, knows it hez got only two wheels. But thur are four tracks hyur, an thurfor the cart must a gone back an fo'th, for I seed they wur the same set o' wheels. Now, 'tur rationable to s'pose thet the back-track leads to the settlements, an thet's this away."

"But how could you tell which was the back-track?"

"Wagh! thet ur easy as fallin off a log. The back-track ur the fresher by more'n a kupple o'hours.'

Pondering upon the singular "instinct" that enabled our guide to distinguish the tracks, I rode on in silence.

Shortly after, I again heard the voice of Rube, who was some paces in the advance.

"I kud a knowd the way," he said, "ithout the wheel-tracks; they only made things more sartint sure."

"How?" I asked. "What other clue had you?"

"The water," replied he; "'ee see, or 'ee mout, ef you'd a looked into the tracks, thet it ur runnin this away. Do 'ee hear thet thur?"

I listened. I heard distinctly the sound of running water, as of a small stream carried down a rough, rocky channel.

"Yes—I hear it."

"Wall," continued the trapper, "it ur a branch made by the rain; we're a follerin it *down*; an thurfor must kum to the river jest whur we want to git. Oncest thur, we'll soon find our way, I reck'n. Wagh! how the durned rain kums down! It 'ud drown a muss-rat. Wagh!"

The result proved the trapper's reasoning correct. The road-water was running in the direction we had taken; and shortly after, the brawling branch shot out from among the bushes, and crossed our path, diverging from it at an acute angle. We could see, however, as we plunged through the now swollen streamlet, that the current, in its general direction, was the same with our road; it would certainly guide us to the river.

It did so. Half a mile further on we came out upon its banks, and struck the main road leading to the rancheria.

A few minutes' brisk travelling carried us to the outskirts of the village, when we were all three brought to a sudden halt by the sharp hail of the sentry, who called out the usual interrogatory:

"Who goes there?"

"Friends!" I replied; "'tis you, Quackenboss?" I had recognized the voice of the soldier-botanist, and under the lightning, saw him standing by the trunk of a tree.

"Halt! Give the countersign!" was the response in a firm, determined tone.

I did not know this masonic pass-word. On riding out, I had not thought of such a thing, and I began to anticipate some trouble. I resolved, however, to make trial of the sentry.

"I haven't got the countersign. 'Tis I, Quackenboss. I am—"

I announced my name and rank.

"Don't care for all that!" was the somewhat surly rejoinder; "can't pass 'ithout the countersign."

"Yer durned fool! it's yur captin," cried Rube, in a peevish tone.

"May be," replied the imperturbable sentry; "can't let him pass 'ithout countersign."

I now saw that we were in a real dilemma.

"Send for the corporal of the guard, or either of the lieutenants," I suggested, thinking that that might be the shortest way to get out of it

"Hain't got nobody to send," came the gruff voice of Quackenboss from out the darkness.

"I'll go!" promptly answered Garey—the big trapper thinking, in his innocence, there could be no reason why *he* should not carry the message to quarters—and as he spoke, he made a step or two forward in the direction of the sentinel.

"Halt there!" thundered the voice of Quackenboss; "halt! another step, and I'll plug you with a bullet."

"What's thet? plug he sez?" screamed Rube, leaping to the front. "Geeho Geehosophat! yu'll plug'im, eh? Yur durned mule-head, if 'ee shoot this way, it'll be the last time yu'll ever lay claws to a trigger. Now then!" and Rube stood with his rifle half raised to the level, and threatening to raise it still higher.

At that moment, the lightning gleamed; I saw the sentry with *his* piece also at a level. I well knew the accuracy of his aim; I trembled for the result. In my loudest voice, I called out:

"Hold, Quackenboss! hold your fire! we shall wait till some one comes;" and as I spoke, I caught both my companions, and drew them back.

Whether it was the commanding tone of my voice, which the ranger had heard before, or whether in the light he had recognized my features, I saw him, before it darkened, lower his piece, and I felt easy again.

But he still obstinately refused to let us pass. Further parley was to no purpose, and only led to an exchange of rather rough compliments between Quackenboss and my two companions; so, after endeavoring to make peace between them, I stood still to await the chance of some one of the guard coming within hail.

Fortunately, at that moment, a ranger, somewhat the worse for aguardiente, appeared in the direction of the plazza.

Quackenboss condescended to call him up; and after a crooked palaver, he was despatched to bring the corporal of the guard.

The arrival of the latter ended our troubles, and we were permitted to reach the plazza without further hinderance; but as we passed the stern sentry, I could hear Rube mutter to him:

"Ee durned mulehead! of I hed ye out upon the pamiras, wudn't I? Wagh!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

AN ADIOS.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow—a demilune of love, whose every hour was consecrated to its god. At earliest dawn, by the rosy rays of Aurora; at golden noon, shadowed under sweet acacias; in the gleam of the purple twilight; 'neath the silvery light of the moon.

That both laid our hearts upon his altar, and willing knelt before the shrine, witness ye bright birds and balmy flowers!—ye green myrtles and mimosas!—witness ye blue skies of Anahuac! Ye alone were our witnesses.

For you who have loved, I need not portray the pleasure of this noble passion; for you who have not loved, I cannot. Love is a delight that may be known only to those who have experienced it.

Ours was a half-month of happiness without alloy. True, there were moments of pain—the moments of daily parting—but these were brief, and perhaps only prevented the cloyment of too much joy—if such a thing be possible. Moreover, these short-lived sorrows were in part neutralised by the knowledge we should soon meet again; we never parted without exchanging that fair promise. In the morning, it was "*hasta la tarde*;" at night, our last words were "*manana por la manana.*" Lovers have felt, and poets have sung, the pleasure of hope; oft the anticipation of a pleasure rivals in piquancy its actual enjoyment.

Let memory not be forgotten; it, too, has its joys; and oh, how sweet the retrospect of those blissful hours! If there was monotony, it was a monotone of which my heart could never tire. It was an intoxication I could have endured for life. There is no surfeit of such sweets. Why are we not permitted to enjoy them for ever? Alas! there is an ending.

There was so. A crisis came, and we must part—not with the pretty promise upon our lips—"until the morning," "until the evening," but for long weeks, months, may be years—an uncertain time—"*hasta se acabo la guerra*" (until the war is over).

Oh, the misery of that parting! Cruel destiny of war! Never felt I so weary of wearing a sword.

There was a struggle 'twixt love and duty. No, not duty: I might have sheathed my sword, and wronged no one; I was but a cipher among thousands, whose blade would scarcely have been missed. Nor would I have wronged myself. I was simply, as I have already declared, an adventurer. The country for which I fought could not claim me; I was bound by no political conscience, no patriotic *esprit*. Perhaps, now and then, I entertained the idea that I was aiding the designs of "manifest destiny"—that I was doing God's work in battling against the despotic form. Yes, I may confess that such sparks glowed within me at intervals, and at such intervals only did I feel enthusiasm in the cause. But it was no consideration of this kind that hindered me from deserting my banner. Far otherwise: I was influenced by a motive purely selfish—pride.

I could not—an adventurer almost penniless—I *would* not presume to claim that richly dowried hand. Fortune I might never have to equal hers, but fame is worthy wealth, and glory mates with beauty. I knew that I was gifted with an apt head and bold aspiring heart; I knew that I carried a keen blade, and hoped to hew my way to rank and fame. Perhaps I might return with a star upon my shoulder, and a better handle to my name, and then——

Ah, for all that, it was a bitter parting! It was hard to list unheeding to those earnest entreaties, adjuring me to stay—terrible to untwine those tender arms—terrible to utter that last *adios!*

Our troth was plighted within that same glade that had echoed our first vows. It had been plighted a hundred times, but never sadly as now, amidst sobs and tears. When the bright form, screened by the frondage, had passed out of sight, I felt as if the sun had become suddenly eclipsed. * * * * * *

I lingered not long, though I could have stayed for hours upon the hallowed spot. Again duty, that stern commander, summoned me away. It was already close upon sunset, and by to-morrow's dawn I must be *en route* with my troop.

I was about heading my horse into the track, now well known to me; Isolina had gone down the hill on the opposite side, by a path that led more directly to the hacienda. From precaution, this had been our habitual mode of parting; and we also met from opposite sides. In the wild region of the *cerro*—for by this name was the hill known—we never encountered a human being. There was no habitation near, and the vaqueros rarely strayed that way, so that our place of meeting remained a secret—at least we fancied so—and we acted without much apprehension, and perhaps without sufficient caution. Each hour we had grown more confident of security, and, blinded by love, had taken less pains to conceal the fact of our daily assignation. It was only that morning I had heard a whisper that our affair was known, and that they of the rancheria were not as benighted as we supposed them. Wheatley was my informant—Conchita, his. The lieutenant had added some friendly advice, cautioning me against the imprudence of going so far from the post unattended.

Perhaps I might have treated his remonstrance with less neglect; but as this was to be our last meeting for a long time, my heart grew heavy under the prospect of the parting scene. I preferred going companionless; I had no apprehension that any enemy was near. As for Ijurra, he was no longer in the neighborhood; he had not been seen since the night of the battle, and we had positive information that he had joined his band with the guerrilla of the celebrated Canales, then operating on the road between Camargo and Monterey. Indeed had Ijurra been near, he could hardly have escaped the keen search of Hollingsworth and the rangers, who, night and day, had been upon the scout, in hopes of overhauling him.

I was about turning into the old track, when a yearning came over me—a desire to obtain one more look at my beloved. By this time she would have reached her home; I should pass near the house; perhaps I might see her

upon the azotea—a distant glance—a wave of the hand—haply the sweet prayer, "*re con Dios!*" wafted upon the breeze: something of the kind I anticipated.

My horse seemed to divine my wishes; scarcely waiting for the guidance of the rein, he moved forward upon the path taken by the steed of Isolina.

I soon reached the bottom of the hill, and, entering the heavy timber, traversed a tangled wood—similar to that on the other side of the cerro. There was no path, but the tracks of the white steed were easily followed, and guiding myself by *them*, I rode forward.

I had not gone five hundred yards from the hill, when I heard voices echoing through the woods, directly in front of me, and apparently at no great distance. Years of frontier-life had imbued me with an intuitive caution that resembled instinct; and as if by a mechanical effort, I pulled up and listened.

A woman was *speaking*; and instantly I recognized the voice. There was but one that rang with that rich metallic tone. I might well remember it, for the sweet, sad sound of the *re con Dios* had not yet ceased to vibrate in my ears.

With whom was she in converse? Whom had she encountered in such a place, amid the wild woods!

She ceased speaking. With ears keenly set, I listened for the rejoinder. Naturally, I expected it in the voice of a man; but not that man. Oh, heavens! it was the voice of Rafael Ijurra!

CHAPTER XLIX.

THREATS.

Yes, the voice was Ijurra's. I knew it well. While listening to it by the mesa, I had noted its tones sufficiently to remember them—round, sonorous, of true Spanish accent, and not inharmonious, though at that moment they grated harshly upon my ear.

An indescribable feeling came over me; it was not jealousy—I was too confident to be jealous—and yet, I shame to confess I felt a sensation sadly akin to it. After those earnest oaths, those tears and frenzied kisses, so soon after! Oh, shame upon me!

Alas the experienced heart no more enjoys the tranquil continuity of faith. Its belief is like a broken dream—an intermittence of light and shade. It was my misfortune, my error, perhaps my crime, to remember too many pairs of pretty perjured lips.

In a word, I was once more jealous, in spite of all that had passed—of sighs, and tears, and plighted vows—once more jealous of Ijurra!

But the moment before, his name was on her tongue, and spoken with scorn; in the same breath I was assured that he was no longer in the neighborhood, that he was far away.

No; he was upon the spot, in close conversation with her, and scarcely five minutes after the oath had been sworn that bound her to me for life! Less wonder I was jealous.

That the feeling lasted only for an instant might be some palliation, but it was no merit of mine that brought it so quickly to a termination. I cannot screen my conduct behind an act of volition; for although the poisoned sting rankled but for a few moments, during that sort period I yielded obedience to its demoniac promptings.

I slipped down gently from my saddle, and with the crouching gait and silent tread of the jaguar, approached the speakers. My horse, well trained to such tactics, stayed where I had dismounted, without tie or hopple. No fear that his hoof would betray me.

Step by step I advanced, with my hands cautiously parting the boughs. The fronds of a curious *sabal* palm befriended me. They grew vertically on short petioles, like large green fans; and overlying one another, formed a perfect screen, through which the keenest eye could not perceive the approach of an intruder.

In a few seconds, I stood behind the last row that bounded the edge of a small opening; and peering through the serrated interstices of the leaves, I saw my betrothed and her cousin. Isolina was still in the saddle. Ijurra was on foot, and standing by her stirrup, with one hand resting upon the pommel, the other grasping the rein.

Up to this moment, my heart had continued its painful throbbing; but the attitude of Ijurra, with his troubled and angry look, at once produced a revulsion in my feelings. I saw that the encounter had been accidental—at least on the part of Isolina; I saw that she was *detained*. I could not see her face; it was turned in the opposite direction, and towards Ijurra; but the tones of her voice reached me, and by these I perceived that she addressed him in anger. Oh, how those accents of indignation ravished my heart; sweeter were they to me than the softest melody!

As yet, I had heard nothing of what had passed between them; the loud beating of my heart, the rustling of the leaves under my feet, of the boughs as I pressed through them, had prevented me from distinguishing what was said. These sounds ceased as I came to a stop; and although still fifty paces distant from the speakers, I could catch every word of their conversation, from the loud tone in which it was carried on.

"So, then, you refuse?"

It was Ijurra who put this interrogatory.

"I have done so before, Rafael; your conduct has given me no cause to change my mind."

"Ha! my conduct has nothing to do with it; you have other reasons. Isolina, do not imagine I am such a *bobo*. I know your secret; you love this *gringo*—this Yankee captain?"

"And suppose I do, that is my affair. Nay, more, sir, I shall not even attempt to make a secret of it. I do love him—I do—I do."

Ijurra's eyes gleamed with malignant fire; his lips turned white, and tightened over his teeth; he seemed endeavoring to curb the exposure of his spleen.

"And you would marry him?" he asked with compressed emphasis.

"I *shall* marry him," was the prompt reply.

"*Por todos santos!* it shall never be."

"And who is to hinder it?"

"I."

"Ha, ha, ha! You are raving, Rafael Ijurra!"

"You may love him to your heart's content—I care not; but marry him—never; a'death! never!"

"Indeed?"

"By the saints, I swear it. I swear—"

"You have sworn enough; you are sufficiently perjured already."

"*Carral,*" furiously shouted Ijurra, as if losing patience. "Listen to me, Isolina de Vargas! I have something to say that may not be so pleasant—"

"You can say nothing pleasant; but I listen."

"First, then, here are certain documents that concern you—both you and your father."

I saw some folded papers in his hand, which he had taken from under his jacket. He opened and held them before her face, as he continued:

"This safeguard is one given by the American commander-in-chief to the Dona Isolina de Vargas. Perhaps you have seen it before? And here is a letter from Don Ramon de Vargas to the commissary-general of the American army, enclosed within another from that functionary to your pet filibustero—a pretty piece of treason this!"

"Well, sir?"

"Not so well for you, madame. You forget that General Santa Anna is now chief of this republic. Think you he will not punish such traitorous correspondence? *Carrambo!* if I but lay these documents before him, I shall have an order for the arrest of both yourself and your *Ayankiteado* father as quickly as it can be spoken. Nay, more; the estate will be proscript and confiscated—it will become mine—mine!"

The speaker paused, as if for an answer. Isolina remained silent. I could not see her face to notice the effect. I fancied that the threat had terrified her. Ijurra continued:

"Now, senorita! you better comprehend our relative positions. Give your consent to become my wife, and these papers shall be destroyed on the instant."

"Never!" was the firm response that delighted my ears.

"Never!" echoed Ijurra; "then dread the consequences. I shall obtain orders for your arrest, and as soon as this horde of Yankee ruffians has been driven from the country, the property shall be mine."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came the scornful laugh in reply—"ha, ha, ha! you mistake, Rafael Ijurra; you are not so far-sighted as you deem yourself; you forgot that my father's land lies on the *Texan* side of the Rio Grande; and ere that horde of Yankee ruffians, as you term them, be driven out, they will establish this river for their boundary. Where, then, will lie the power of confiscation? Not with you, and your cowardly master. Ha, ha, ha!"

The reply maddened Ijurra still further, for he saw the probability of what had been said. His face became livid, and he seemed to lose all control of himself.

"Even so," he shouted, with the addition of a fierce oath, "even so, *you* shall never inherit those lands. Listen, Isolina de Vargas! listen to another secret I have for you; know, senorita, that you are not the lawful daughter of Don Ramon!"

I saw the proud girl start, as if struck with an arrow.

"I have the proofs of what I repeat," continued Ijurra; "and even should the United States triumph, its laws cannot make you legitimate. You are not the heiress of the hacienda de Vargas!"

As yet not a word from Isolina. She sat silent and motionless, but I could tell by the rising and falling of her shoulders that a terrible storm was gathering in her bosom.

The fiend continued:

"Now, madame, you may know how disinterested it was of me to offer you marriage; nay, more, I never loved you; I told you so, it was a lie—"

He never lied in his life as he was doing at that moment. His face bespoke the falsehood of his words. It was the utterance of purest spleen. I read in his look the unmistakable expression of jealousy. Coarse as the passion may have been, he loved her—oh! how could it have been otherwise?

"Love you, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! love you—the daughter of a poor Indian—a *margarita!*"

The climax had come. The heaving bosom could bear silence no longer; the insult was undurable.

"Base wretch!" cried she, in a voice of compressed agony, "stand aside from my path!"

"Not yet," answered Ijurra, grasping the bridle more firmly. "I have something farther to communicate—"

"Villain! release the rein!"

"Before I do, you shall promise—you shall swear—"

"Again! let go! or this bullet to your heart!"

I had sprung from out the thicket, and was running forward to her rescue. I saw her right hand on high, and something shining in its grasp. It was a pistol. Its muzzle was turned upon Ijurra.

No doubt the resolute character of her who held it was well known to him, for the threat produced an immediate effect; the coward released his hold, the reins dropped from his fingers, and with a mingled look of hatred and fear, he stepped back a pace.

The moment the bridle became free, the steed, already started by the spur, bounded forward, and after half-a dozen springs, both horse and rider disappeared behind the screen of the palmettoes.

I was too late to play the knight-errant. The "ladye faire" had not needed my help; she neither saw nor heard me; and by the time I arrived upon the ground, she had passed out of sight, and Ijurra was alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A painter, who was desirous of flattering Cimaroso, once said to him that he considered him superior to Mozart as a composer. "I, sir!" replied Cimaroso, smartly; "what would you say to any person who would assure you that you were superior to Raphael?"

☞ The administration of the oath in civil cases is of high antiquity. See Exodus 22—10. Swearing on the Gospel was first used in 528. The oath was first administered in judicial proceedings in England by the Saxons in 600. The words "so help me God, and of Saints," concluded an oath till 1550.

FROM THE LONDON "FIELD."

THE HUNTED DOE.

BY THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

As in a late number of the "Field" I promised to show the amount of animal pain and suffering occasionally attendant on the chase, and having been, in more than one instance, blamed by my brother sportsmen for thus giving in to what they call "a cry against them," it behoves me now to prove in what way sorrows, acute and heart-rending to the creatures who feel them, at times follow the acts of men whose hearts and hands at the time of committing those very acts would, in some cases at least, be generously open to the appeals of distress in a fellow-creature.

Many men who pursue wild game of every description are not aware of the susceptibility of the animal mind, nor of the beautiful affection it is capable of feeling. All creatures of the grade, called "inferior" to the human race, they have been taught to consider as "dumb" and "irrational," and, in the words of Byron, to "deny them in heaven the soul they held on earth;" but if man "claimed for himself an exclusive heaven," simply on a superiority over other creatures of heart and nature, on my life I do not think that his claims would be admitted. Sportsmen are not often conversant with the natural gifts possessed by the creatures they kill, although it is their duty to be so; and not one in a thousand have the mind or the leisure to reflect on facts as they arise before them. They chase, wound, or destroy one of "the brute creation," and that word, "inferior," absolves them from all remorse.

I hate the term "brute" in its usual acceptation, for ever used by biped fools when speaking of quadrupeds not only faster but infinitely superior to themselves in mechanism, mind, and even manners. Had I my way I would confine the appellation to men who beat women, or who were incapable of understanding and cherishing the finest and most delicate points of their minds. A man so failing *is a brute*; and the greatest "brute" is "the brute," for I will not call him a man, who finds that he has the implicit faith of woman and then betrays it. Bravery in a man, though always commendable, saves him not from being "a brute." I know no greater "brute" than a mere dog of war, who gilds not his bulldog courage with a single courteous feeling, nor adds to animal "pluck" the high-toned chivalry of the soldier and gentleman. Let the term "brute" then rest with those who deserve the ban: apply it not to creatures who never rebel against the heavenly initiatory law which placed them beyond the pale of sin, nor wilfully and with malice aforethought infract one divine commandment.

On a fine fresh morning in the latter part of October—or the beginning of November, if my memory and notes serve me correctly—I commenced beating Holmsley Inclosure, in the New Forest, for the teaser game. The ground which at the moment occupied my attention was a considerable part of the wood, consisting of young fir-trees, intermingled with highly drawn-up gorse—the very spot where some time before, that excellent sportsman, Mr. Boultby, of the Royal Artillery, called my notice to a deer by his ear, not his eyes, detecting her presence. He heard *that peculiar bound*, so delightful to the sportsman, which can never be mistaken by those well versed in woodcraft. On the morning to which this tale more particularly refers, George Bromfield was beating the thick of the cover towards me, with a hunting retriever and my two terriers, when he cried, "Look out, sir! a deer!" and I heard her bound towards me. In those days the most positive orders were given to kill every deer I saw; so, with the 12-gauge double gun ready, though only charged with small shot for black game, woodcocks, or pheasants, on the head and neck of a doe appearing rushing through the fir-trees within eighteen yards of me, I aimed beneath the ear for the jugular, and fired. I was not more than ten yards when I fired from the ride towards which the doe was going; so I rushed through the intervening obstacles, expecting to see a wounded doe staggering to her fall. Not so, however; for I saw her go bounding on clean out of sight, without an indication of a wound. Still, not being much in the habit of missing, I fancied she must be stricken; so I gave George orders to hasten home, about five miles, and to bring back my bloodhound Saxon, Druid having been fed early, to befit him for hunting on the following day. Having dismissed my man with these orders, and appointed a spot at which to meet him on his return, I continued my beat for game wide of that cover, and at the end of about three hours found Saxon at the given place. Having sent away my other dogs and loaded with a deer-cartridge, I took Saxon to where I had last seen the doe, and he immediately, though very coldly, owned the line. It was evidently a bad scenting day in cover and under fir-trees, but still he kept the line, and, to my astonishment, followed it into the beat I had taken with a view to keep away from the vicinity of the doe which I thought was wounded, and at last absolutely worked it back to the very spot where we had roused the doe, and where I had shot at her. She had gone back to look for something she loved, amid all her own danger, and then, perhaps having found it, fled to a considerable distance, as she supposed, for greater safety. The unerring young hound kept on, the scent still colder, I suspect from the slot of eight feet instead of four foiling each other's line—a fact ever attending the slot of deer. But at last, slot by slot, with many turns and deviations in the line, (the deer evidently seeking a well concealed lair,) Saxon doubled his tongue in view, and through the open trees I caught a glimpse of the fine doe bounding away as if unscathed by the former fire. A run of two hours and a half then resulted—a better scent over the open heather than in the woods—and the deer left the forest and entered Winkton Plantation. Alas! I had killed too many deer at this point not to be fully aware of the spot at which this doe would seek to return to the royal wilds, so I hastened to it; but, ere I reached the place, she broke into the forest heath again at upwards of a hundred yards from me, and at full speed. The green cartridge even at that distance reached her heart, and she fell dead without a struggle. Having secured the venison, and with my knife opened the throat to reward the hound, I then, to my sorrow, discovered that, instead of a dry doe, my suspicions in the matter were correct—the doe had left a fawn behind her; it was that which, after being shot *at and struck*, she had in all her gentle unselfish affection returned to seek; and in all probability, if I could not find it the next day, that fawn would die a miserable death if the winter was severe—for we generally, or rather I, used to think, that a fawn losing the mother at that period would not be able to withstand the weather when the food was poor. On examining the doe, I found that she had been but slightly injured by my first attempt, for the shot had flattened just within the skin, the thick rough winter-coat, and perhaps some intervening bushes having deadened the power of that portion of the charge which reached her. It being far too late in the day then (it was nearly dark) to look for the fawn, I resolved to bring Druid on the following morning, and to put the poor little thing beyond the reach of further severe and lingering trials.

The next morning, about half-past ten, I again repaired to "Holmsley Inclosure," and commenced my draw with Druid where I had last roused the doe, feeling sure that it was at that spot that she had parted from her fawn. The instant I came to the place Druid's curious examination of the twigs and wave of his stern told me he was aware of the approximation of deer, and in a moment a stale line served him so well that he spoke to it; and after much curious examination to assure himself that he was right, to my astonished bewilderment he worked on, inch by inch, very coldly but very resolutely, the same line hunted by Saxon on the afternoon of "yesterday." The ground was dry, and there was no means of ascertaining anything by my eye; still the hound persevered and traced every one of the deviations and turns hunted out by Saxon to the very inch; and at last I exclaimed to my man, "Why, it can't be! but, to look at it, Druid is hunting the doe we killed last night! Druid seems assured he is right, so we must follow him till some fresh circumstance clears up the mystery."

Through the large inclosure we went, and then out into the once beautiful holly woods in the open, whence Holmsley takes its name—now so miserably disfigured by being cut up in lines like a sylvan gridiron; and in and around the "Holms" the run continued, and over the open heather, though coldly, still in a confirmed and resolute method, every yard of the way the same as the day before. At last, at the end of about three hours' cold hunting, we approached a bog; and I said to myself, "Now then for an elucidation of this extraordinary chase!" when right anxiously I beheld Druid make a hit on a little path across the bog, exactly where I had observed Saxon for doing so on the day before. On gaining the spot the cruel fact was placed before my eyes—we were hunting the fawn, who had been hunting the footsteps of its mother. No doubt the poor little thing had couched where its mother had left it during the early part of the night, in full reliance of her faithfully affectionate return; but when the usual and expected supply of food was wanted, and for an unusually long period delayed, then the graceful and seriously alarmed creature rose and uttered that prettily plaintive cry which had hitherto called the loved one to her side; and, on finding that the lonely forest afforded no response, the fawn set out to seek its absent mother.

Now, knowing the reasoning qualities which exist in the minds of the animal kingdom—they have a power infinitely superior to instinct—let us for a moment pause to imagine the horror of this poor little fawn when she became aware of the unusual absence of the doe, and set out to trace her, just as humanity would do in a similar case, if humanity at that early period of its relative existence was possessed of the cleverness to accomplish it. The fawn set out to trace its mother under the peculiarly and doubly defined horror of hunting the loved scent, all the time mingled and foiled by that of the pursuing bloodhound. Well, knowing *the horror* that wild things, foxes as well as deer, have of the smell of hounds, *I can comprehend the strength of an attachment* which would lead a timid and sensitive fawn to overcome all repugnance, and thus to adapt its very sense to the exigencies of its miserable position. All the cheering feelings usually attendant on the stirring and exciting chase fled me as on that narrow, wet path I gazed on the steps of four creatures, pursued and pursuing. There was the flying and larger slot of the doe, widely spread and deeply indented in the black bog mould; by its side the foot of Saxon, also exhibiting the impressions of his nails as he urged his weight forward at a faster pace than Druid. By the side of the doe's slot thus impressed at speed, was the lesser one of the little miserable fawn—her toes closed together, betokening a foot's pace, or slowly trotting here and there, and sometimes absolutely leaving their mark within the foot of the horrible enemy whose taint at times made it difficult for her to trace the loved and sweeter line she tried to follow. Among those traces was the more recent foot of Druid, the toenails not shown so much as Saxon's, and the balls of the foot more together; for he, like the poor little fawn, was obliged to pick his way. Curiously and sorrowfully did I also observe that the fawn, as well as Druid, was often at a loss over the wet ground, the fawn by her slot having evidently done as Druid was obliged to do. They both carried their respective scents to different points, and then, losing them, were obliged to go back to the exact spot up to which they felt that they had been sure, and thence to pick them out again. "Shall I stop Druid, or shall I not?" was the question I put to myself. "But no," I thought, "it is better to end the tragedy, and then forget it, *if you can*." Druid made it out across the bog, and up into the short furze and adjoining heather, where I could no longer distinguish the slot, through another "holm wood," over furze and heather again, and still on the steps of Saxon and the doe, out of the forest over the bank, on which I again saw the slot of all three, into Winkton Plantation. I knew then what I had to do, and leaving him to the chase in cover, I cut across and stood by the spot where I had given to the doe the *coup de grace*. I fully expected that in the plantation I should very soon hear Druid's roar on a view; but no, his prolonged and softened tongue at intervals was flung without any change, and I heard him bring the line towards me. Over the bank he came precisely at the spot where the doe had broken in her attempted return to the forest, and he brought the line right up to the dark sanguinary stain which still defaced the earth. Here he came to a check, and made repeated casts in circles, but in vain; it was just as if the fawn he had been hunting had vanished. Still curious to bring this tragic adventure to an end, I went on my hands and knees in an endeavor to discern a slot that might indicate the direction the fawn had taken, for I was fully aware that when she came to the blood she would at once become possessed of the miserably cruel truth, and, perhaps, make some more violently terrified bound, which would enable me to guess at further circumstances. At last I detected on the grass, between the furze and heath, a deep indentation, but only one. It was occasioned by the violent incision of the fore feet of the little fawn close together, and within a foot of the sanguinary stain—in all probability in the sudden and horrified pause she made, being aware of the consummation of her worst of fears. I confess the whole thing saddened me almost to tears; and without any effort to aid him, I let Druid make his own casts, which he did here, there, and everywhere, but in vain, till at last—when he had well nigh given the thing up, or at least convinced himself that she had not gone on—on seeing that he had an idea that she might have returned her line, or, as the French express it, "reversed her foot," into the plantation, I ran up to him and caught him ere he could ascend the bank; for, had he found her again, which I think the cast he was about to make would have enabled him to have done, I was in no humor to appeal to the fatal gun or to commit a further murder.

After this cruel instance attendant upon the chase, which I have thus narrated word for word as it happened, let every sportsman come to this Christian-like conclusion. If he in all his leisure hours is a friend to beast and bird; if his ear is open and his heart alive to all their little interests; if he refrains from "thrashing his dog" or spurring his horse, and leaves his lawn, his window-sill, and every corner he has replete with seasonable food and an Alsatia-like safety—then, at the close of life, were he to be judged by the pain he has occasioned in the chase to the animal kingdom, and the good and happiness he has afforded them in his idle hours, I fear a heavy balance would be awarded against humanity, and his condemnation certain.

Let every thinking mind pause for a moment over the misery of this poor little fawn, and the fears that must have beset her while scenting her mother's steps intermingling with those of her pursuer, and reflect how often during that sleepless and dreary night, the first of her bereavement, as well as many a day and night thereafter, as distant sounds came down the wind, either of the hooting owl, or the cry of wild fowl, or any noise from a squatter's cottage, the famishing and expectant ear must have stretched itself in the direction, under the delusion that the lost one called.

Reader, I will not leave you under more painful impressions than I can help; you will be glad to know that the little fawn, unaided and uncomforted, weathered the hardships of the terribly severe winter which followed; and the fact of her footsteps in the deep snow having been reported to me, I went to the spot in the depth of winter, and convinced myself that she still haunted what seemed in her simple affection to be the grave of her mother. The snow melted, the frost disappeared, the peewit and whole snipe resumed their evolutions in the air above their nesting mates, the blackcocks "curled," the pheasant crowed, the pigeons cooed, and the woods were alive with minstrelsy, the land with flowers! On a bright sunny, beautiful day in summer, I saw the fawn grown into a handsome doe, standing in Holmsley wood, close behind an old forest mare, who seemed to be "whisking" the flies from her pretty face with her tail. She was the last deer on the Christchurch side of the railway, and, having nothing left alive to love, she sought the company of the forest ponies. On my arm at that moment lay my rifle; the fair and graceful thing stared at me, unconscious that I had worked her so much woe; her adopted friends did not fly me, and why should she? I almost slunk away from her presence! but, as that is not usually a portion of my demeanor, I stood stock still, gazed at her for some moments, prayed Heaven to pardon me any cruelty I might at any time have committed, and in that prayer felt that I asked her forgiveness. I left that doe in the sweet wild forest, a happier soul for doing so, than when, though in the heat of the chase, I doomed her mother to destruction.

☞ A GEM OF STYLE.—The London Morning Herald, (whose feelings not unfrequently get the better of it), inditing a panegyric upon Lord Derby, the other day, stated that he had achieved "a *temporary* immortality."

☞ DEFINITIONS FROM A NEW SCHOOL BOOK.—"John, what's a bakery?"

"A place where they bake, sir."

"What's a brewery?"

"A place where they brew."

"What's a gallery?"

"Ti hi!—a place where there's gals!"

"Good boy—there's a lump of sugar for you."

☞ BREAD BAKED AND BOILED.—"Biddy," said the landlord of a boarding-house to a new recruit in the kitchen, "did you bake the bread we had for dinner, or boil it?" Biddy, anxious to appear *au fait* in the noble art of cookery, replied, "An' to be sure, misthress, I did both."

☞ Wisdom requires three things—knowledge to discern, judgment to weigh, and the resolution to determine.

☞ Foote, when told by a friend that his new house did not contain a single room in which you could swing a cat, replied that he did not build his house to swing cats in.

☞ It is no more possible for an idle man to keep together a certain stock of knowledge than it is possible to keep together a stock of ice exposed to the meridian. Every day destroys a fact, a relation, or an influence; and the only method of preserving the bulk and value of the pile is by constantly adding to it. —*Sydney Smith.*

☞ An honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.

☞ A young lady on returning to her father's house, after having been at a boarding-school, quite shocked her brother with her refined expressions. "I declare," said he one day to his father, "our Sally has got to be so learned that I can't understand above one half what she says; 'twas only this morning that she stuck a po on to tater, and called molasses treacle."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour have again been very small, and, with a very reduced stock, the market has maintained a firm aspect, notwithstanding the very limited demand which has prevailed, both for shipment and home consumption. The sales for export comprise as 10,000 bbls at $5.25 @ $5.50 for fair to good mixed, and good brands, including some of Wm. H. Thomas's, at $5.62½; 1200 barrels Brandywine on private terms; extra at $7; and extra family at $8@8.25. A lot of common middlings sold at $4.75. The sales to the trade have been within the range of the same figures for common and extra brands, and $8.25 @8.75 for fancy lots. Rye Flour has been in steady demand and 300 bbls sold at $5. Corn Meal has been quiet, with a very small stock. Sales of 800 bbls Penna at $4 @ bbl, and 200 bbls Brandywine on private terms.

GRAIN—There is very little Wheat coming forward, and it has been in demand for milling at rather better prices. Sales of 10@12,000 bush at $1.75@1.75 @ bushel for fair and good red; $1.85 for mixed, and $1.85@1.92 for white. 4000 bush Indiana red sold on private terms. Rye has again advanced 3c @ bush, and 5@6,000 bush Penna sold at $1.10 at 18, closing at the latter figure. Corn was active early in the week, but at the close the demand fell off, and prices declined 1@2c @ bush. Sales of 57@8,000 bush yellow at 93 @ c, afloat and in store, closing at 94c. Oats are dull, and have declined 1c @ bushel. Sales of 10,000 bush Penna, mostly at 62@63c, afloat.

PROVISIONS—The market has been firm, but devoid of activity. The receipts of Pork have been very small, and the stock is light. Sales of 150 bbls Mess at $24.75 @ bbl, now held at $25, and Prime, $21. There has been a steady inquiry for City packed Mess Beef at our quotations. Bacon—There has been a fair inquiry, and for Sides and Shoulders we again advance our quotations. Sales of 60 casks Hams at 13½16c; Sides at 15@16c, and Shoulders at 11@11c @ lb, 60 days—closing firm at our highest figures. Of Dry Salted Meats the stocks are extremely small, and they are in demand at a further advance. Sales of 80 casks Hams at 11@12c; Sides at 12½; and 240 casks Shoulders at 10@10c, on time. Lard—With continued light receipts and a very small stock, holders have again put up their prices to 9@9½c @ lb. Sales of 200 bbls at 10½, and 500 kegs at 9½@9¾c, which is about the highest price ever realized in this market. Butter—For good quality of Roll there is a fair inquiry, but other descriptions are neglected. Sales of Roll at 18@22c, and solid packed Pennsylvania and Western at 16@18c @ lb.

BARK—The market continues nearly bare of Quercitron Bark, and it is wanted at an advance of $1 @ ton.—Small sales at $32. Tanners' Bark comes forward slowly. Sales of Chestnut at $15, and Spanish at $19 @ cord.

BEESWAX—Is steady. Small sales of good Yellow at 29@30c @ lb. cash.

CANDLES—The demand has been limited for all descriptions. Small sales of Adamantine at 25c, and Sperm at 42c @ lb, 4 mos.

COAL—The receipts and shipments are increasing.—There has been a fair demand for Schuylkill Red Ash for the Eastward at our last quotations, but White Ash is neglected. Sales of the former at $4.44.15 @ ton, free on board at Richmond, and the latter at $3.85@3.90. No change in Lehigh. Bituminous Coal is dull. One cargo sold at 17c @ bus.

COFFEE—The market has been dull, but prices have undergone no quotable change, except for the poor grades, which are lower. Small sales of Rio at 10½11c; 500 bags St Domingo at 11½c, and 400 mats Java at 15@15½c @ lb, on time.

COPPER—The sales of English Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal are limited at our quotations.

COTTON—The late European advices have had no effect upon prices. The market is exceedingly quiet, but the receipts and stocks are comparatively small. Sales of 300 bales at 10@10c @ lb, on time, for Upland, and 11@11½c for Gulf.

DRUGS AND DYES—The transactions have been limited. The stock of Cutch is reduced to a very small amount, and is in the hands of one house. Small sales at 2½c. Sal Soda in firm at 2½c. Soda Ash commands 2½@2¾c, ex ship. Opium is dull. An invoice of Crete Hirmstone, and one of Logwood, sold on private terms. White Sugar of Lead sells at 15c, and Refined Borax at 21@22½c, 6 months.

FEATHERS Continue quite dull. Small sales of good Western at 54@56c @ lb, on time.

FISH—Sales of 250 bbls medium No 1 Mackerel from the wharf at $3.75 and 500 bbls No 1 and 2, to arrive, on private terms. Sales are making from store at $14, $12,50, and $10,75 for medium No 1's, 2's, 3's, and $24 for large No 1's. An invoice of Pickled Herring sold at $3, and lots from store at $3.25. Codfish are but little inquired for, and retail sales are making at $3.50.

FRUIT—The markets is well supplied with Oranges and Lemons, of which sales are making at $4 @ box for the Oranges, and $2.25@2.75 for the latter, according to quality. Pineapples are more abundant, and selling from $6 to $12 @ 16. In Dried Fruits, the sales have been unimportant, and there is very little stock left to operate in.

GINSENG—There has been nothing doing in either Crude or Clarified.

GUANO—The demand has somewhat slackened, but prices are steady at $55@60 per ton cash for Peruvian.

HEMP—No transactions have been reported for some weeks past.

HIDES—Continue very dull and no sales have transpired.

HOPS—The demand has been moderate at 9@10c per lb for Eastern, and 10@12c for Western.

INDIGO—Is held quite firmly, but the sales have been unimportant.

IRON—The demand for pig metal continues limited, but holders manifest no disposition to accept lower prices. Sales of 2400 tons in lots at $26 per ton, 6 mos, for No 1 Ambrosite, $25 for No 2 and $23 for No 3. The stock of Scotch pig is extremely small. A small sale of Blooms at $92, 6 mos, and some Billets at a higher rate. Prices of Bars and Boiler Iron remain as last quoted.

LEAD—There is very little offering, and no further sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—There has been a steady demand for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, without change from our former quotations.

LUMBER—There has been more doing. Sales of 300,000 feet Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $13@15 per M. Cargo Iron Flooring at $16@17 per M feet, and Lathing at $1,50@1,75 per M for Cedars and Ranges.

MOLASSES—The market has been exceedingly quiet, and the only sales reported are small lots of Cuba Muscovado at 26c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—Limited sales of Tar and Pitch are making at former rates. Spirits of Turpentine has been in steady request, without improvement in rates; sales at 51@52c, cash and time. Rosin has been quiet, without change in prices; we quote Common at $1,30@1,35; No 2 at $1,90@1,95; No 1 at $2,20 to 2,30, according to quality, and Bright Rosin still continues scarce, and in much inquired for.

OILS—There is a steady inquiry for Fish Oil from store without change in prices. Linseed Oil is looking up, in consequence of the continued high prices of seed. Sales at 92@93c cash. Lard Oil is more abundant, and the demand has fallen off. Small sales of No 1 Winter at $1,20@1,25, on time.

PLASTER—The demand has been limited, but there is not much arriving. The last cargo sale was at $3 @ ton.

RICE—There has been more inquiry, partly for shipment, and prices are 1c higher. Sales of 300 casks at $4,75 @ 100 lbs.

SALT—An import of Liverpool Fine; one of Ground, and a cargo of Turks Island were sold on terms not made public.

SEEDS—The receipts of Cloverseed are trifling, and prime lots are taken on arrival at $7 @ 64 lbs. No change in Timothy or Flaxseed—the latter is much wanted.

SPICES—Prices are steady for all descriptions, but the sales have been unimportant.

SPIRITS—No change to notice in Brandy or Gin. An arrival of N E Rum will be sold from the wharf at 36c, from store at 38@39c. For Whiskey there has been a steady demand, without change in prices. Sales of bbls at 27@28c; hhds at 25@26 c, and Drudge at 24@25c.

SUGAR—The market continues exceedingly quiet, and the only transactions are some small lots of Cuba at 10½ 10¾ @ lb, on time.

TALLOW—Meets only a limited inquiry. Small sales of Country and City Rendered at 10@11c @ lb, cash.

TEAS—There has been a moderate inquiry, and prices are steadily maintained for both Black and Green.

TOBACCO—There has been a steady inquiry for both Leaf and Manufactured at full rates, but of the former there is very little stock here to operate in.

WINES—The sales have been only in a small way.

WOOL—The market has been exceedingly dull since our last notice, and prices have again declined.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. S. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Whole carcase	8 @ 9
Roasting rib, @ lb	18 @25	*Veal.*	
Sirloin steak	18 @20	Fore quarter @ lb	8
Rump do	12½@16	Hind do	13
Chuck pieces	8 @12½	Chop	12
Plates and navels		Cutlet	14
Corned	6 @10	Sweetbread, each	10
Tongue, fresh,	45 @50	*Pork.*	
Leg, each,	21@22½	Young Pigs	@1 75 @2 00
Soup	2½ @3	Salt and fresh lb	12 @ 14
Kidney	2 @12½	Feet, @ set	12½@ 50
Liver @ lb	6½	Tripe, @ lb	4 @ 6½
Dried Beef @ lb	30	Leaf do	13 @ 15
Lamb.		Hams, smoked	12½@ 16
Fore quarter	75 @87½	Bologna Sausage	10 @ 12
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Fresh Sausage lb	10 @ 12
Chop @ lb	20 @25	Puddings @ lb	10 @ 12
Calves Head, each	25 @30	Scrapple @ lb	8 @ 10
Mutton.		Spare Rib @ lb	10
Leg, Loin, Chop @ lb	8 @10	Tender Loin @ lb	10 @ 12
Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8	Hogshead Cheese lb	10
Young Lamb, whole	$5.00		

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	31 @ 40	Corn potatoes bu	1 25 @1 40
do bl pk	— @ 18	do bkt	37½@ 50
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	do bl pk	6 @ 13
Cabbage bbl	2 00 @3 00	Sweet potat's bkt	37 @1 00
do h'd	10 @ 25	do pk	18 @ 25
Salad head	6 @ 10	Onions bus	— @2 00
Pickles bkt	31½@ 37	Carrots doz	12
do bl pk	12½@ 20	Asparagus @ bunch	8 @ 10
Lima Beans qt	12@ 15	Rhubarb @ bunch	6 @ 8
Green Peas bu	@1 00 @	Green Mint @ bunch	3 @ 5

FRUIT.

Apples @ bkt	62½@1 25	Cranberries qt	15
do bl pk	12½@ 25	Gooseberries @ qt	12½@ 15
Strawberries, quart,	12½@25	Currants "	12½@15

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys @ lb	15 @ 20	Chickens @ pair	1 @1 50
Turkeys each	75 @1 50	Sqb Pigeons pr	25 @ 31½
Spring Chickens @ pair	31 @ 37	Wild Pigeons doz	1 00 @1 12
		Fowls doz	25 @ 50

SHELL FISH.

Terrapin (South) da	@4 00 @6 00	Oysters, Absecom,	
do (Chesa & Del)	6 00@ 8 00	@ bkt	37 @ 50
Lobsters lb	8 @ 10	do @ M	4 00 @5 00
Clams M	2 00 @2 50	M Riv Cove M	3 00 @3 00
		N Y do @ bbl	10 00 @20 00

FISH.

Halibut lb	— @12	Perch bunch	12 @25
Bass	8 @ 9	Catfish	6 @12
Porgies	— @ 8	Eels	6 @12½
Flounders	— @ 8	Salt Shad lb	12
Cod	5 @ 7	" Mackerel	12
Blackfish	8	Dry Cod	4 @ 6
Smelts	12 @20	Sm'kd Herring bunch	8
White Fish	— @12½	Fresh Shad each	25@50
Rock	8 @12½	Fresh Salmon lb,	@1,00@1,25

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	20 @23	Honey lb	20 @25
Roll do	16 @20	Apple Butter qt	12½@ 18
Eggs doz	16 @18	Pumpkins each	6

A WORD ABOUT DRESS.

We have plenty of flippant denunciations of fine clothes, and an abundance of grave animadversions on the sin and folly of extravagance in apparel, but scarcely an essay can be found touching the æsthetics and *morale* of dress, as constituting a study worthy to be ranked among the "fine arts," not less than architecture, music, or sculpture. It was an observation of Lavater that persons habitually attentive to dress, display the same regularity in their domestic affairs. "Young women," says he, "who neglect their toilette, and manifest little concern about their apparel, indicate in this very particular a disregard of order; a mind but little adapted to the details of housekeeping; a deficiency of taste and of the qualities that inspire love. The girl of eighteen who desires not to please, will be a shrew and a slut at twenty-five." It is a great mistake in women to suppose that they may safely throw off all care about dress with their celibacy, as if husbands had less taste than suitors; or as if wives had less need than mistresses of the advantage of elegant and tasteful apparel. An old writer says, with a hearty emphasis, "It is one of the moral duties of every married woman always to appear well dressed in the presence of her husband." To effect this, however, expensive attire is by no means essential. The simplest robe may evince the wearer's taste as truly as the most costly gown of *moire antique*. But how rare a quality is good taste! In the mere matter of propriety and harmony of colors there is room for a treatise which has yet to be written by some one thoroughly proficient in the æsthetics of dress. Even the simpler laws, though pretty generally understood, are constantly neglected. Some of these canons as laid down in an English poem of the last century are worth quoting, as well for the good sense of the dogmas as for the quaintness of the verses. To brunettes he recommends high colors—"rose," "orange," or even "scarlet"— thus:

"The lass whose skin is like the hazle brown,
With brighter colors should o'ercome her own."

To rosy cheeked girls he permits "blue" and "the color of the sea"—

"Let the fair nymph in whose plump cheek is seen
A rosy blush be clad in cheerful green."

Cautioning pale women against vernal hues, he continues—

"Ladies grown pale with sickness or despair
The sable's mournful dye should choose to wear;
So the pale moon still shines with purest light
Clad in the dusky mantle of the night."

—*Boston Post.*

THE TOMB OF A GIANT.

Dr. McPherson, an English explorer, who has recently been engaged in examining the antique tombs at Kertch, on the Crimea, thus relates the discovery of the bones of a chief—a man of surprising stature:—

"Proceeding onwards we arrived at another descent; the tomb adjoining which, however, contained nothing. A large projecting stone in the clay interfered with the formation of a cavity here. An arched passage was discovered to the right, from whence a second chamber had been scooped out. In this were the remains of one person, with no ornament or relic near. Another passage was discovered extending still further into the earth; passing into this, the remains of a man, evidently of unusually large stature, were found. In length he must have measured fully seven feet, and he was of great breadth; judging from the space occupied by his dust. In this, as in the others which we explored, the resemblance of the contents of the tomb bore a strong analogy; but this one appeared to be better finished than the others; the ornaments placed on the only niche in the wall were also of a superior construction. There had been something like a Persian skull-cap on the head of this man, and his long hair—the only portion of the remains which had not passed into its natural dust—fell over his shoulders. An ornamental brooch, studded with small garnets, was on his left breast. A very beautiful glass decanter, having a handle, and ribbed round the neck, with a drinking glass, were found near his head. In this decanter there was about a tablespoonful of wine, and, from the lees encrusted on the glass that stood close to it, the glass must have been filled with wine when placed there; both vessels being conveniently situated, as if the deceased might be inclined to partake of the contents of the glass and replenish it from the decanter. The wine was of a red color, and it had a distinctly vinous taste. The red and white portions separated, on being exposed to the air, and the fluid rapidly evaporated, until it was bottled up and sealed. This wine and some perfect walnuts found in the same tomb, are now in the British Museum. A glass lachrymatory, and a very beautiful engraved cornelian, representing the she-wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, the remains of a dagger in a sheath, and some corroded links of iron resembling armor, were found in this tomb. Indeed, the tomb bore about it traces of its being the resting-place of a chief, or one of the most distinguished of his tribe."

SPIRITUAL MANIA AND SELF-STARVATION.—The Chicago papers relate a singular case of insanity from spiritualism, resulting in death. An old lady, fifty-five years of age, became a spiritualist and a medium. She attended several circles, and at last professed to have received an order not to eat or drink, and commenced obeying the order. Her friends sent her to Chicago, where physicians and clergymen were called to visit her, but could effect nothing.

Two or three times rice water was thrust down her throat; but she wasted away till Sunday evening the 24th ult., when she died. A day or two before she died some meat was being stewed in the kitchen, the smell of which attracted her attention, and "turning to her daughter-in-law, she said, "that is very tempting, but I dare not touch it." Her friends at that time thinking she was giving way in her resolution, again remonstrated with her, but again they failed to dissuade her from her course. What is more wonderful in this case is, that during all this time she appeared perfectly sane and clear minded, talked quite naturally, and was frank and free in her conversation on the subjects of her commands from on high. For three weeks she abstained almost entirely from food, and for the last nine days of her life she neither ate nor drank anything. She frequently talked of going to her spirit home, and of her future life.

THE MISSISSIPPI AND OHIO RAILROAD CELEBRATION at St. Louis on the 5th inst., was considerable of an affair. The procession was two miles long. Judge Bates gave an oration at the dinner, and speeches were made by Professor Mitchell, Ex-Governor Reynolds, Hon. John R. Thompson, of Virginia, and others.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE New York Tribune says: "A medical friend informs us that he has been consulted in several cases where the new cent has been swallowed by children, one of whom is only two years old, and in which great irritation of the stomach and bowels has followed, because of the corrosive nature of the metals composing it, as well as of its mechanical action upon the delicate mucous surfaces.

A KISS FOR $750.—The Chicago Tribune states that a man named Holsey, in that city, undertook to kiss the wife of an Indian doctor, named Brooks, with whom he was on terms of intimacy.—The husband, hearing of the matter, instituted a suit for slander against Holsey, and the jury gave him a verdict of $750.

ACCORDING to the published list of tax-payers in Baltimore, there is not one millionaire in the whole city. The wealthiest inhabitant in it is rated at only $730,000; while the next to him in wealth is the possessor of but $180,000.

MORE PEARLS.—The New York Herald says that since the discovery of pearls in the shells of muscles in New Jersey, letters and specimens of pearls have been pouring into the jewelry stores of New York, not only from New Jersey, but from various parts of New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Michigan, and Pennsylvania. This attests the fact that pearl muscles are found in the waters of our State.

MR. H. F. GARDNER has accepted the proposition made by the Boston Courier, to pay $300 to any spiritual medium who will communicate a single word in English, written inside a book or sheet of paper; who will tilt a piano without touching it, or cause a chair to move a foot.

A BRIDE CHANGING HER DRESS IN CHURCH.—About the middle of last week, two young ladies and two gentlemen, all apparently in mourning, paid a morning visit to a church in a quiet neighborhood in St. Anne's Ward, Liverpool. On their entering the church, the door was closed and locked, and the ladies—leaving the gentlemen to disencumber themselves of their overcoats and draw forth their white kid gloves—retired behind the pulpit, whence they shortly emerged in full bridal attire. The clergyman, accompanied by an official, appearing from the vestry, they joined the transmogrified mourners at the altar, when the nuptial ceremony was gone through. The gentlemen then resumed their overcoats, the ladies again retired to their impromptu robing-room, and reappearing in their mourning costume, the happy party left the church.—*Liverpool Journal.*

THE CROPS HERE AND ELSEWHERE.—Upon this subject, the Bucks County Intelligencer says:—"A great deal of interest is felt by almost every one in regard to the condition of the grain and grass crops through the country. It is now satisfactorily ascertained that the wheat crop in the Western and Northern States, unless injured in some unforeseen manner, will be a very heavy one—some of the papers say the very largest ever produced. In Pennsylvania the wheat was never more promising, while the grass crops, under the influence of the plentiful rains of the last few weeks, will certainly be larger than usual. It is yet too early for reference to the next crop of corn, but a good beginning has been made, and, stimulated by the advancing prices, a large extent of ground has been planted by farmers generally.

HONORABLY DISCHARGED.—Ex-Gov. Bebb, of Ohio, who recently fired upon a party of serenaders, at his residence in Winnebago county, Ill., and killed one of them and wounded others, has been honorably discharged, after a full investigation of the matter. The serenaders, it appears, were a gang of insolent rowdies, who surrounded the house of the ex-governor, and insulted his family, until he was compelled to fire upon them, after begging and coaxing them to leave.

DEATH OF HON. HENRY HUBBARD.—Hon. Henry Hubbard, a well-known politician, and formerly Governor of New Hampshire, died at his residence in Charlestown, Mass., on the 5th inst.

KANSAS.—JUDGE LECOMPTE, Chief Justice of Kansas, is to be removed, and Judge Williams, who has just been appointed Associate Judge, will succeed him.

THE GOVERNMENT POLICY TOWARD UTAH.—Col. Cummings, it is said, will be the Governor of Utah. The Secretary of War says that he has ordered 2,500 troops to march for Salt Lake, and that 300 or 400 more will be added.

A WHOLESALE BUSINESS IN LOST BABIES.—Sunday last being a warm and pleasant day, the babies were all out running in New York, and nearly one hundred of them strayed away from mamma's apron-strings, and got lost. But all were found and restored to their homes before night by the police and its telegraph, extending from station to station.

BURNING THE DEAD.—The Paris Academy of Medicine has set the papers to writing and the people to thinking earnestly of the return to the practice of burning the dead. They say that in the summer time the Parisian hospitals are crowded with the victims of pestilence, engendered by the foul air of the graveyards in the neighborhood. The vicinity of the cemeteries is a constant source of mortality. Their putrid emanations filling the air, and the poison they emit impregnating the water, are held chargeable for the many new and frightful diseases of the throat and lungs which baffle all medical skill.

THE EMIGRATION FROM EAST TO WEST.—It is computed that the number of emigrants from the New England States to the Mississippi Valley this season will amount to one hundred thousand, and that these will carry with them, on an average, $100 each (a low estimate), making an aggregate of $10,000,000 in hard cash. In enumerating the causes of this rapid increase of the movements of the native population from the Eastern to the Western States, the Buffalo Commercial refers to the centralization of capital and business to the great cities, and in the hands of a few, destroying, by their superior advantages, the chances of successful competition by industrial mechanics and business men of moderate means.

YANKEE DOODLE.—Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in his address delivered at the Boston Music Hall, May 21, at the opening of the grand Musical Festival, related the following anecdote to illustrate the state of American music at the time when the treaty at Ghent was negotiated. The story was told to Mr Winthrop by the late John Quincy Adams:

"During the negotiation at Ghent, a festival or banquet was about to take place, at which it was proposed to pay the customary musical compliment to all the sovereigns who were either present or represented on the occasion. The sovereign people of the United States—represented there, as you remember, by Mr. Adams himself, Mr Bayard, Mr. Clay, Mr Jonathan Russell, and Mr. Gallatin—were, of course, not to be overlooked; and the musical conductor or band master of the place called upon these Commissioners to furnish him with our National Air. Our National Air, said they, is Yankee Doodle. Yankee Doodle, said the conductor, what is that? Where shall I find it? By whom was it composed? Can you supply me with the score? The perplexity of the Commissioners may be better conceived than described. They were fairly at their wit's ends. They had never imagined that they should have *scores* of this sort to set to, and each turned to the other in despair. At last they bethought them, in a happy moment, that there was a colored servant of Mr. Clay's, who, like so many of his race, was a first rate whistler, and who was certain to know Yankee Doodle by heart. He was forthwith sent for accordingly, and the problem was solved without further delay. The band master jotted down the air as the colored boy whistled it, and before night, said Mr. Adams, Yankee Doodle was set to so many parts that you would hardly have known it, and it came out the next day in all the pride, pomp and circumstance of viol and hautboy, of drum, trump-t and cymbal, to the edification of the Allied Sovereigns of Europe, and to the glorification of the United Sovereigns of America.

A FUNNY EXPLOSION.—A baggage-man at the Central Depot in Buffalo, while handling a trunk in the usual slam-bang manner of that useful class of citizens, threw it down with such force as to explode a pistol within. The pistol exploded a canister of powder, the powder exploded the trunk, and the trunk exploded the baggageman, tumbling him neck over heels. Such accidents would not be altogether to be regretted if they resulted in teaching baggage masters to handle our luggage more carefully. They are entirely too reckless and careless.

THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN ONE MONTH WITHOUT FOOD.—The Rochester Union gives some particulars of the case of a Mr. Ellis, who about two months since undertook to commit suicide by cutting his throat, and succeeded only in depriving himself of the power of passing food into his stomach. The Union says:

The precise character of the wound has not been published, and we called this morning upon Doctor Moore and obtained from him the following description of it:—"The root of the tongue is divided from the hyoid bone. Windpipe uninjured. The opening into the pharynx or top of the gullet has been very large, allowing the windpipe to fall about three inches. It is now, however, closing, and the tube has been inserted for the purpose of introducing food."

The age of the patient is seventy years, and his long abstinence from food and great emaciation threw no inconsiderable amount of doubt upon the prospects of recovery. For more than thirty days, no food whatever was introduced into the mouth. During the whole time, Mr. Ellis has had an insatiable thirst, and more than two pails of water were used every day—a very little finding its way into the stomach. Nearly the whole quantity passed out through the wound. For the last twenty-five days, the attendants have succeeded in getting a very little nourishment down—soup, &c. Nature is making a strong effort to heal the wound, and were it not for the advanced age of the patient, Dr. Moore is of opinion that strong hopes might be entertained of his recovery.

Mr. Ellis is of course unable to articulate in the least, but he is able otherwise to indicate his desires. Up to the visit of Dr. Moore, his wish was to die, and he was averse to having anything done to save his life. He consented, however, to allow the doctor to introduce a tube, which he did without any difficulty, and through which he conveyed as much soup into the stomach as prudence would dictate. The tube will now be used by the attending physicians, and so far as the life of the patient depends upon the reception of food into the stomach, there will henceforth be no difficulty.

FAMINE IN THE SOUTH.—The famine which has prevailed for the last few weeks in the West seems to have found its counterpart in some of the Southern States, where the people have been reduced to the greatest distress for want of food. From many parts of Alabama, Eastern Tennessee, and the mountainous region of Georgia, comes the cry for food, and in some remote districts such is the scarcity of it that men and beasts are actually starving to death. A singular feature of this destitution is, that in most instances, there appears to be money enough to purchase, but no food to be bought, in consequence of which many persons have left their homes and gone to better provided localities, where they camp out, leaving their fields, meanwhile, untilled and unsown, so that no crops can be raised on them this year; and a similar distress will prevail next winter and spring, unless the people of more favored regions should plant more grain and less cotton. The explanation of this must be found in the yearly encroachment which the cotton culture makes upon the area heretofore devoted to the cereals, or to over-exportation, which the high prices that grain had commanded for the last two years seem to have invited.

DEATH OF THE GREAT ROGUE CATCHER.—Vidocq, formerly the celebrated thief, and afterwards the celebrated Parisian Prefect of Police, has just died in France, aged 78. At his own desire, no friends were present at his funeral, which was attended only by hired mourners. A few days before his death, he had an extraordinary idea—that if his feet, already palsied with death, could touch the earth, he would recover. In compliance with his wish, a layer of fine mould was placed by his bedside. He rose with difficulty, supported by his attendants, and placed his feet upon it; as he did so, a flush passed over his features, and he drew himself up to his full height, but his strength gave way beneath the effort. From that moment he saw that all was over with him, and, abandoning hope, he occupied himself exclusively with his religious duties.

ARRIVAL FROM UTAH.—A private despatch has been received at Washington, from St. Louis, announcing the safe arrival of D. H. Burr, Esq., Surveyor General of Utah, who, together with his family, was reported to have been obliged to leave that Territory, in consequence of the high-handed outrages being committed by Brigham Young.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, *No. 99 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1857.

Pennsylvania.	**North Carolina.**
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks ¼ to 1½ dis
Relief notes ¼ dis	Small notes 2 dis
Lancaster bk ¼ dis	**Georgia.**
Erie City bk 35 dis	Old bks ¼ dis
Bk of Newcastle 50 dis	New bks 2 to 5 dis
New Jersey.	ex Columbus no sale
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis	Bk of Milledgville no sale
Merch bk Bridgeton 25 dis	Man & Mech bk Co-lumbus no sale
Wheat Grower's bk Newton 25 dis	Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton no sale
Commercial Bk. Perth Amboy, failed	**South Carolina.**
Delaware.	Solv bks ¼ dis
Solvent bks par	**Alabama.**
Under 5's ¼ dis	Bk of Mobile 1 dis
Maryland.	Other solv bks 5 dis
Valley bk Hagerstown no sale	**Mississippi.**
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis	All bks uncertain
Far & Mech bk Hancock ¼ dis	**Louisiana.**
District of Columbia.	Solv bks 1 dis
Exchange bk 30 dis	**Ohio.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 dis
New York.	Bk of Circleville 55 dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Canal bk 8 dis
8th Avenue bk ¼ dis	**Kentucky.**
Knickerbocker bk ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 dis
Far bk Onondaga 25 dis	**Indiana.**
Mer & Man bk Oswego 30 dis	New solvent bks 2 dis
Ex bk Buffalo 30 dis	State bk 1 dis
Empire City bk 50 dis	Shawnee bk, Attica, no sale
Centre bk 50 dis	Greenecy bk, Lafayette 50 dis
Champlain bk no sale	Other bks 5 to 80 dis
Maine.	**Illinois.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Peoples bk, Carmi, 20 dis
Bk of Hallowell 25 dis	Rushville bk, Rushville, 20 dis
Ellsworth bk 60 dis	Solvent bks 5 dis
Maritime bk Bangor 15 dis	Agricultural bk 20 dis
Cant in bk South China no sale	Amer Ex bk 20 dis
Exchange bk no sale	Bk Commonwealth 20 dis
Hancock bk 25 dis	**Missouri.**
New Hampshire.	Solv bks 1 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	**Tennessee.**
Lancaster bk closed	Bk of East Tenn no sale
Exeter bk failed	River Bank no sale
Vermont.	Solv bks 2 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	Small notes 2½ dis
South Royalton bk 2 dis	Central bk no sale
Connecticut.	Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis no sale
Solv bk ¼ dis	New bks 2 to 5 dis
Massachusetts	**Michigan.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 2 dis
Rhode Island.	**Arkansas.**
Solv notes ¼ dis	All bks no sale
Bk Republic Providence 70 dis	**Wisconsin.**
Canada.	Solv bks 2 dis
Solv bks 2 dis	**Texas.**
Zimmerman 5 dis	Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston 5 dis
Virginia.	
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis	
Bk of Kanawha 10 dis	
Corp'n Alexandria 2 dis	

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '52	109	—
" " '67	114½	—
" " '68	114½	—
" " '85	108	—
Phila 6 pr ct	93½	94
" new	93	93½
" "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	90	95
Pitts 6 pr ct	92	95
" " coupon	76½	78
All'gy city 6 pr ct	62½	63
" county "	6	6½
Alle co RR 6's	63	75
Penn		
" 5 "	93½	93
" " coupon	86½	87½
Penn 6 pr ct	97	98
2d m't'ge do 3d	85½	86
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	76	76½
P G & N RR "	77½	78
Read ng RR "	78½	79
" " m't	84½	85
R & Lan RR "	87	88
P & S RR "	4	5
Cle Val RR "	38	38½
Penn RR "	89	93
Phil Wil & Bal 6's RR pr ct	86½	87
Long I RR "	80	70
Sch Nav '82 "	67½	67½
Lehigh Nav "	92½	92½
Morris "	92½	93
C & D C "	72	73
Sus & Tid RR "	60½	61
Union Canal "	59	59½
Wilmns & Elmira 1st m't 7 pr ct	98	100
2d " 7 pr ct	66½	66
Catawissa "	57	58½
North Penna 6 pr ct	97	98
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	120	125
Penna	65½	66½
Penn Meadow	64½	66½
North Penna	11½	12
Phil Ger & Nor	60½	61
Reading	37½	39½
" preferred	44½	50
Minehill	61½	61½
Har & Lan	55½	56
Chester Val	41	5
Tioga	12	—
" preferred	25½	—
P W & Balt	21	21½
Long Island	31	31½
Wil Spert & Elmira	31½	32½
Catte ssa	12½	13
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sus Nav	13½	15
" preferred	—	30
Lehigh Nav	57½	60
Morris	54	64½
" preferred	85	90
C & Del	60	70
Union	101	104
Sus & Tidewater	6	8
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	148	150
Penn	112½	113½
Phila	118½	119
Far & Mec	63½	64
Commercial	50	51
N Liberty	66	68
Mechanics	53	56½
Southwark	76	80
P Township	79½	80
Kensington	60	70
Girard	106	107
Western	97	97½
Man & Mech	—	50
Commerce	66	68
Fredsman's	65	—
City	64	66½
Consolidation	27	29
Pittsburg	—	—
M & M Pitts	38	—
Exch Pitts	97	—
Kentucky	114	115
Northern, Ky	119	121
Louisville, Ky.	113½	114½
Farmers, Ky.	112	113
Union, Nash Tenn	98	100
Plant's Penn	102	102
Penn & R Vieh	7	7½
N O Ins Co	101	102

SPLITTING ROCKS WITHOUT BLASTING.—Some French inventors have taken out a patent in England for splitting rocks by the generation of heat without causing an explosion. They used a substance composed of 100 parts of sulphur by weight, 100 of saltpetre, 50 of sawdust, 50 of horse manure, and 16 of common salt. The saltpetre and common salt are dissolved in hot water, to which four parts of molasses are added, and the whole ingredients stirred until they are thoroughly incorporated together in one mass, which is then dried by a gentle heat in a room or by exposure to the sun, and is fit for use. It is tamped in the holes bored for blasting rock in the same manner as powder, and is ignited by a fuse. It does not cause an explosion upward like gunpowder, but generates a great heat, which splits the rock.

ROBERT BURNS, the son of the great poet of that name, died at Dumfries, Scotland, on the 14th of May. He had just completed his seventy-first year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., New York.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED ONLY BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON,
No. 418 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, AND ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM A DISORDERED LIVER OR STOMACH.
Every family should have a bottle of these Bitters in the house.
ONE DOSE will instantly relieve a sick stomach.
ONE DOSE will cure the most distressing heart-burn.
ONE DOSE will allay any agitation of the nerves.
ONE DOSE, taken an hour before meals, will give a good appetite.
ONE DOSE will, in many cases, cure the most severe headache, when proceeding from a disordered stomach.
These Bitters can be obtained at any Druggist's or seller of Patent Medicines in the United States or Canadas. Price 75 cents per bottle. je13-2t

A MODEL MAN.—The author of Amyas Leigh, in discoursing on the advantages of out door exercise, and physical health and strength, says that his idea of a man is "One who runs God, and can walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, who sleeps like the fresh air on the fine earth, and who at the same time can hit a woodcock, doe or a horse, and twist a poker round his finger." If he wants us to agree with him, the author must add, "and procures his clothing at the magnificent establishment of Granville Stokes, No. 607 Chestnut Street, late 269, Philada."

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28 tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. oct1 tf

AN EXCELLENT SENTIMENT.—

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May be clothe the golden ore;

but as a general thing the right kind of man wear the right kind of clothes, and the latter they always procure at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 (new style), Chestnut Street, Philada.

"IN PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR."—In the days of our youth, it behooves us to insure some preparation for the approach of age. How many persons have become prematurely bald by neglecting to apply appropriate remedies to prevent the hair from falling off! The use of Professor Wood's celebrated "Hair Restorative" will prevent the hair from falling off, impart to it a healthy growth, and even restore the hair of the bald. Thousands have testified to its efficacy. To be had of Druggists everywhere.

USE THE OXYGENATED BITTERS, and you will have no cause to complain of lassitude, debility, or any of those complaints inseparable from our Spring weather. They are regularly prescribed by some of our most eminent physicians, in cases of indigestion and General Debility.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. 59 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. STEPHEN BONAR, to Miss ELIZA GORMAN, both of this city.

On the 5th of April, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM J. BOND, to Miss LUCELIA NOXES, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, CHANDLER P. ROSE, to Miss ROLANDA BLACKSTONE, both of this city.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. Anthony Atwood, Mr. GEORGE F. HUNTER, to Miss MARY J. LYNN, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. C. BLOUNTS, of Montgomery county, to ANNA L. BELCHER, of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. WILLIAM KAHLE, to Miss MARY A. GLANDING, both of Manayunk.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. WILLIAM E. BOWEN, to Miss SUSAN C. BAUM, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. A. HAIGHY HOFF, to Miss HARRIET HINKLE, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. ADRIAN THIBAULT, to Miss HANNAH WEAVER, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. CHARLES FOSTER, to Miss LIZZIE W. SAILER, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D. D., WILLIAM J. McELROY, Esq. to Miss LIZZIE J. McCALLA, daughter of Mr. ALEX. McCalla, both of this city.

On the 12th of April, by the Rev. Joseph F. Berg, Mr. GEORGE F. EBERBACH, to Miss ZILLAH A. K. TAYLOR, both of this city.

On the 11th of Jne. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. HENRY B. COLEMAN, to Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of the late Isaac Sutcliffe, Esq.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr. GEORGE F. BOEHL, to JENNIE, daughter of Lewis Emery, Esq. of Frankford.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible name.

On the 25th of May, at her father's residence, HELEN H. wife of J. Ridgway Jones, of Saint Paul, Minnesota, and daughter of Charles Herbert, of this city.

On the 1st instant, MARIA, wife of Richard Harding, aged 71 years.

On the 1st instant, CLARENCE H. son of Jno. and Phebe Danford.

On the 31st ultimo, WILLIAM ASCOUGH, aged 48 years, a native of England.

On the 31st ultimo, CATHARINE HOFFMAN, aged 77.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. SUSANNAH THOMPSON, aged 61.

On the 2d instant, MARY H. JENKINS, aged 70 years.

On the 1st instant, Mr. JAMES McILVAIN, aged 54 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. MARIA LENOIR, aged 64 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. ANN, wife of Michael Rinehart, aged 65 years.

At Lexington, Ky. on the 26th ultimo, Mrs. SUSAN DURHAM, aged 82 years.

On the 31st ultimo, MARY C. KELP, aged 49 years.

On the 31st ultimo, MARY A. DIXON, aged 11 years and 5 months.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. MARY A. STOUT, aged 54.

On the 31st ultimo, JOHN P. CONLEY, aged 71 years.

On the 1st instant, MARY M. widow of the late J. Chester, aged 73 years.

On the 31st ultimo, THOMPSON, son of Geo. and Sarah Miller, aged 8 years and 8 months.

On the 30th ultimo, ANNE, wife of Patrick Curtis, aged 39 years.

On the 30th ultimo, ELIZA, wife of Robt. W. Liberton, aged 32 years.

On the 30th ultimo, THOMAS SPENCER, M. D.

On the 28th ultimo, THOMAS T. DAVIES, aged 14 years.

On the 29th ultimo, DAVID LAWSON, aged 30 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. EMMA HOFFMAN, aged 22.

On the 4th ultimo, ISABELLA, wife of Geo. W. Underwood.

On the 29th ultimo, CHARLES, son of Margaret A. and the late Charles Schuyler, aged 11 years.

On the 26th ultimo, JOHN STANLEY, aged 62 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Miss RUTH DAVIS, aged 66 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH ORRELL, aged 74 years.

A RETIRED PHYSICIAN,

Whose mode of life have nearly run out, discovered, while in the East Indies, a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, and GENERAL DEBILITY. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. He had heard much of the wonderful restorative and healing qualities of preparations made from the East India Hemp and the thought occurred to him that he might make a remedy for his child. He studied hard and succeeded in reaching his wishes. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. He has since administered the wonderful remedy to thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world, and he has never failed in making them completely healthy and happy. Wishing to do as much good as possible, he will send to such of his afflicted fellow-beings as request it, this recipe, with full and explicit directions for making it up, and successfully using it. He requires each applicant to inclose him one shilling—three cts. to be returned as postage on the recipe, and the remainder to be applied to the payment of this advertisement.

Address Dr. H. JAMES,
No. 10 Grand St., Jersey City, N. Jersey.

N. B.—Dr. H. James has neither office nor agent in New York, as some have pretended and advertised. The recipe is sent from NO PLACE but No. 10 Grand Street, Jersey City, New Jersey. je6-13t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—One Dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

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RAILROAD TRACK, HAY, COAL, PLATFORM and COUNTER
SCALES.

FAIRBANKS' Dormant Scales, to be set in warehouses, with the platform level with the floor, as represented in the accompanying cut. Capacity from 2,000 to 5,000 pounds.

FAIRBANKS' ROLLING MILL SCALES, for weighing Bars and Pigs of Iron. These Scales are on wheels, with Vibratory Axle Iron Plate, and Patent India Rubber Spring Platform. Capacity, from 2,500 to 4,000 pounds.

FAIRBANKS' UNION SCALE has a Platform and Dish, and weighs correctly from one half ounce to two hundred and forty pounds. It is a very convenient Scale for Grocery Stores or for family use.

No Merchant who buys or sells by weight should be without one or more of Fairbanks' Scales, as they are the only really reliable weighing machines that have ever been offered to the public. For sale by

FAIRBANKS & CO., 189 Broadway, New York.
FAIRBANKS & EWING, Masonic Hall, Chestnut St., Philada.

☞ Pamphlets containing cuts and descriptions of our various modifications of Scales will be furnished on application by mail or otherwise. tf

CARD.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL,
NEW YORK.

As there is a report circulating throughout the country that we have advanced our prices to $3 per day, we take this method to inform the travelling public that we shall continue to keep as good an Hotel as can be kept in this city at our usual charge of $2,50 per day, and that we intend to oppose, as we have heretofore done, all combinations to advance Hotel rates. SIMEON LELAND & CO.

JUNE 1, 1857. tf

PLATINA POINTS FOR LIGHTNING RODS.—Our points have been in use over twenty years, and have given general satisfaction. Prices $1.00 $1.25 $1.50, $2.00, $3.00, $4.00, per point, the price varying according to the quantity of Platina with which the points are tipped. McALLISTER & BROTHER, 728 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

"Remarks on the Construction of Lightning Rods" sent by mail free of charge. tf

THE BEST BOOKS FOR AGENTS!

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Please to Read this! Agents Wanted! Extra inducements for 1857.

All persons in want of employment will at once receive our CATALOGUE OF BOOKS for the New Year, prepaid, by forwarding us their address. Particular attention is requested to the liberal inducements we make to all persons engaging in the sale of our LARGE TYPE QUARTO PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with about ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS.

On receipt of the established price, Six Dollars, the Pictorial Family Bible, with a well bound Subscription Book, will be carefully boxed, and forwarded per express, at our risk and expense, to any central town or village in the United States, excepting those of California, Oregon and Texas.

Our books are sold only by canvassers, and well known to be the most saleable. Please open a correspondence with us, and we shall take pleasure in forwarding to your address our General Circular of Books, terms, and full information relative to the business. Address

ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
181 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.
nov28-tf

SEWING MACHINES.
PARHAM'S LATE IMPROVED
Defies All Compet

Wit and Humor.

PIETY POINTED WITH PROFANITY.

The late Judge Gantt (says the Charleston Courier,) was one of the most eccentric of men. He was eminently benevolent and pious, but of an ardent and enthusiastic temperament, and occasionally indulged, whether against ardent spirits or anything else that roused his dander, or his sense of the ridiculous, in a license of speech and humor not wholly in keeping with his religious profession. In illustration of this quaintness of character is often told, by his friends, the following anecdote:—He had long been desirous to purchase, from a neighbor, a small tract of land, with a mill-seat, or suitable for one, but they had never been able to agree on a satisfactory price. At length, on one occasion, he proposed to his neighbor that they should meet, on a given day and hour, at a tavern, about midway between their residences, in order, if possible, to conclude the bargain. His neighbor assenting, they accordingly met at the appointed time and place. The Judge was a strict Baptist, his neighbor a strict Methodist; and the former addressed the latter thus:—

"My friend, we have met, for the purpose of entering into a contract about this land. Now, a contract is a solemn thing, and no one should enter into it, but with a clear conscience and clean hands. I therefore propose that each of us should kneel down and put up a little prayer to his Heavenly Father, that he may be guided by pure motives and strict justice in the bargain he is about to make."

The Methodist having acquiesced, the Judge knelt down in one corner of the apartment, the Methodist in the other. After a decent interval, the Judge rose, and the Methodist, following suit, they advanced towards each other, and met in the middle of the room.

"Now, my friend," said the Judge, "we have made clean breasts of it—what will you take for your land?"

"Five hundred dollars," said the Methodist.

"Five hundred dollars!" exclaimed the Judge. "You d—d unconscionable dog, I'll have nothing to do with you;" and he forthwith departed in high dudgeon.

Western Eloquence.—The following is said to be not a burlesque, but part of a real speech in a criminal trial out West:—

"My speech may not carry it, but it runs through all the law, that hearsay evidence is not to be received. How erroneous is well illustrated by the anecdote of the King of Siam and the Dutch ambassador. The ambassador called upon the King, told him that in his country water congealed so that elephants could walk over it. 'Oh!' says the King of Siam. '*I don't believe a word of it.*' Now I was willing that you should look at and inspect that physiognomy, [pointing to prisoner's face of most villainous expression,] and it will compare with any countenance around. Take for instance the Prosecuting Attorney, *with that elongated face of his, with that* FETLOCK OF HAIR, *hanging over his bronzed countenance,* LIKE A WILD ASS SWEEPING OVER THE PLAINS OF MEXICO, *amid the loud* DIAPASONS *of heaven's artillery,* and it won't compare with the prisoner's. Don't it go with IRRESISTABLE force? could any man be so fool-hardy [thump,] as to suppose that he would go and say that [thump,] he stole that coat? Would he get down into a cabin, plunder coat and pants, [thump] could it be possible?

"The Prosecuting Attorney has a peculiar faculty of preaching a sermon at the opening and delivering a lecture at the close. This prisoner may have had an *ingenious method* of getting this coat—there may have been a *concoction,* a *union of joint efforts,* a co-operation, a combination among them to put this upon defendant. It will require tact, it will require skill, it will be like a man at sea for life and thrown overboard to prove that this coat was worth one cent. You can't but acquit defendant."

Like Cures Like.—"What shall I do? I can get no sleep!" exclaimed a gentleman to his friend one day not long ago.

"What is the matter?" asked the sympathetic friend.

"The matter? That chicken! that horrid, doleful chicken! that Shanghae! Like a harbinger of evil, like a voice from the tomb, like a—"

"Oh!" exclaimed the friend, "kill him!"

"What? kill my neighbor's chicken?"

"Yes, kill him!"

"I can't do that!"

"Buy him and kill him!"

"The owner will not sell."

"Oh! then do you give him one."

"What! give him another chicken!"

"Exactly."

"To distract my rest with double force?"

"Oh, no! give him a *game* chicken."

"Ah! now I understand," said the gentleman, as he smiled until one of his eyes was half lost in view. "I understand; I'll be generous."

In a day or two he had presented to the churlish proprietor of the Shanghae a heroic chanticleer, and within one hour thereafter the doleful Shanghae had ceased to disturb the peace of others, and was taking his own last rest.

How he Lost his Hair.—A Norfolk paper tells the following story:

Uri Osgood and Jonathan Aiken were on opposite sides of politics last fall, in Grundy county, and the fight between them—they were running for Congress—grew warm and desperate. One day when they met on the stump, Uri, whose head was bald, and should therefore have been cooler, in the midst of his indignation turned upon Jonathan and said:

"I think, sir, you have but one idea in your head, and that is a very small one; if it should swell, it would burst it."

Whereat Jonathan grew red in the face, and looking for a moment at the bare and venerable head of his opponent, asked if he should say what he thought of him?

"Say on," said Uri.

"Well, I think you haven't one in your head, and never had; there's been one scratching around on the outside, trying to get in, till it has scratched all the hair off, but it's never got in, and never will."

Uri was silent.

Mrs. Partington Her Opinion.—"I don't know what you mean by genius," said Mrs. Partington with animation, while speaking of the merits of a tyro who had just given evidence of wonderful ability by improvising, ostensibly, a poem before the institute of which he was a member. "I don't know what you mean by genius if he hasn't got it, for didn't he impoverish poetry before the Literary Destitute, I should like to know, and receive lots of reprobation for it from people that know what good poetry is?" There was triumph in the tone of her voice, and though her antagonist smiled, she evidently had him, because he made no further remark, except to request her to compel Ike to discontinue blowing beans at him, as several had come in troublesome proximity to his nose. Ike said he was blowing them at Lion.—*Exc. Gazette.*

Dying out of Time.—An odd genius undertook to build himself a tomb, on his own farm. Before it was finished his wife was taken sick, and expressing her conviction to a neighbor that she could not recover, her husband hastily approached the bed and said—"*I would't die just yet; the tomb will not be finished for several days!*"—His wife took him at his word, and recovered.

Useful Receipts.

To Clean Silk.—Pare and slice thin three washed Irish potatoes. Pour on them a half pint of boiling water, and let it stand till cold. Strain the water, and add an equal quantity of pure alcohol. Sponge the silk on the right side, and, when half dry iron it on the wrong side. The lightest colored silk may be cleansed and brightened by this process; also, cloth, velvet, or crape.

Turkish Mortar and Cement.—The Turks use common red earthenware pipes with socket-joints to convey water from springs to reservoirs and fountains. They make and use mortars and cements as follows:

Mortar.—Fresh slacked hydraulic lime, one part, by measure; pounded brick or tile, finely sifted, one part, by measure; chopped tow sufficient to mix into the consistency of ordinary hair mortar. The ingredients are mixed dry immediately before use, and then well incorporated by the aid of water; the mortar is used fresh. *Cement.*—Fresh slacked hydraulic lime, one part, by measure; pounded brick or tile, finely sifted, half part, by measure; chopped tow, as above. The whole is mixed with oil, in place of water. The earthenware pipe-joints are made water-tight with this cement.

How to Cook Eggs.—Dropped eggs are probably the most healthful form in which they can be prepared for the table. Break the egg very carefully into a pan of scalding water, and let the water come gradually to a boil, removing the eggs with a skimmer as soon as the white is set. Serve on a hot platter with a little salt, pepper and butter, or lay the eggs on hot buttered toast. For invalids use cream instead of butter.

Spiced Peaches.—Take 9 pounds of good ripe peaches, rub them with a coarse towel, and halve them; put 4 pounds sugar and a pint of good vinegar in your preserving kettle, with cloves, cinnamon, and mace; when the syrup is formed, throw in the peaches, a few at a time, so as to keep them as whole as may be; when clear take them out and put in more; boil the syrup till quite rich, and then pour it over the peaches. Cherries may be done in the same way.

Tar-Water as Used in the Treatment of the Murrain.—The following plan will be found very effectual: Examine your cow's mouth every day, though she appears well; and if you find any pimple in it or on the tongue, or if you perceive any on the skin ready to come out, immediately house her. Keep her warm, and give her warm tar-water; to a large beast give a gallon, to a small one 3 quarts. Give it four times every day, but not every time the quantity you first gave. Lessen the dose by degrees, but never give less than 2 quarts to a large beast, nor less than 3 pints to a small one; and house her every night for some time, and give her warm gruel and malt wash. Stop the feet with tar. *To Make the Tar-water*—Take 1 quart of tar, put to it 4 quarts of water, and stir it very well 10 or 12 minutes; let it stand a little while, and then pour it off for use. You must not put water to the same tar more than twice. Let the first dose be made with fresh tar. Continue to give it till the beast is well. "Don't let her go too soon abroad." Her back may be rubbed two or three times a day with tar ointment, and tar kept boiling in a large pot over a lamp.—*Cor. London Field.* [It is evident that the murrain is here mistaken for the epidemic affecting the mouth and feet of cattle. The application of tar-water as an astringent in that disease is common with many other equally efficacious and much more convenient remedies.—*Ed. London Field.*]

Extract of Rennet.—Fresh rennet, 12 ounces; fine salt, 2 ounces; proof spirits, 2 ounces; white wine, 1 quart. Digest for 24 hours, and strain. A quart of milk, requires 2 or 3 teaspoonfuls.

An Unfortunate Comparison.—Lord Chief Justice Kenyon was conspicuous for economy in every article of his dress. Once, in the case of an action brought for the non-fulfillment of a contract on a large scale for shoes, the question mainly was, whether or not they were well and soundly made, and with the best materials. A number of witnesses were called, one of whom being closely questioned, returned contradictory answers; when the Chief Justice observed, pointing to his own shoes, which were regularly bestridden by the broad silver buckle of the day,—"Were the shoes anything like these?" "No, my lord," replied the witness, "they were a great deal better, and more genteeler." The court was convulsed with laughter, in which the Chief Justice heartily joined.

Written Sermons.—The antipathy of the Scotch people to reading sermons is well known. At Kirkcudbright, at an "inauguration," an old woman on the pulpit stairs asked one of her companions if the new minister was a *reader.* "And how can he read, woman?" was the reply; "the poor man's blin'." To which the first made answer: "I'm glad to hear it—I wish they were a' blin'!"

YOUNG AMERICA AND OLD ENGLAND.

Mamma.—"Why, Tom! What are you doing with that nasty dust pan and broom?"

Tom (with a sly glance at his Mamma's English Acquaintance.)—"Brother Fred told me to bring it in and sweep up all the H's Mrs. 'Unter had dropped about!"

[Exit Tom suddenly, with one side of his face looking rather red, and tingling.]

Agricultural.

WORK FOR JUNE.

Cultivation of Corn.—Keep the *cultivator* and *hoe,* or *corn-harrow* and *hoe,* in your cornfields constantly from now until you lay it by, which should be when it gets into silk. Let no weeds grow therein, and keep the soil at all times open to the influences of the sun, dew and rain. In times of drought be sure to keep the soil open. But don't use the plough.

Beets.—The *Mangold Wurtzel* and *Sugar Beet* may be drilled in up to the 10th of this month. The crops will not be so large as they would have been had they been put in a month earlier; but still careful culture, the season being propitious, will make a fair and remunerating crop. For the sake of your milch cows, do put in some, if it is only an acre.

Carrots may be drilled in, if done the first week in this month. These roots are among the best food for milch cows; make an excellent and healthful alterative food for horses, and are well relished by all other stock.

Late Potatoes.—Though late, potatoes may be put in up to the 10th of this month.

Broadcast Corn.—To ensure green food for your cows in August and September, when the pastures will have nearly failed, put in an acre or so of broadcast corn. Manure the ground heavily, plough it deep, pulverize the soil thoroughly; then sow 3 bushels of corn per acre, harrow and cross harrow the seed in, and roll

Millet.—You may sow millet seed up to the 10th of this month. If your crop of hay has, or is likely to prove a short one, prepare as many acres as your necessities may require, and sow it with millet seed. You must manure heavily, plough deep, pulverize the soil thoroughly, roll, and sow the seed, and finish by rolling.

Clover for Hay.—Clover for hay should always be cut when it first comes into bloom.

Fall Turnips.—It is too soon to put these in; but not too soon for you to be providing manure for them. And here let us say to you that this crop always prospers best when two ploughings are given to the ground.

The time for sowing the seed will be about the 25th of July.

For an acre of turnips you should at least have 20 two-horse cart loads of well rotted stable or barnyard manure, 20 bushels of ashes, and 1 bushel of plaster, the manure to be ploughed in, and the two latter to be broadcasted and harrowed in. Ten bushels of bone-dust, 10 bushels of ashes, and 5 gallons of oil, mixed together, left in heap 3 weeks, and then worked over with the shovel, will manure an acre of turnips—to be harrowed in: so also will 300 lbs. of guano and 1 bushel of plaster, mixed together and ploughed in: so also would 20 loads of marsh mud, 10 bushels of ashes, 5 bushels of bone dust and 1 bushel of plaster, if thoroughly mixed together, and left in a heap 5 or 6 weeks, then worked over well with a shovel and applied: so also would 15 two-horse loads of marsh or river mud, made into compost with 5 loads of stable manure and 10 bushels of ashes and 1 bushel of plaster, suffered to lie 4 weeks in bulk, then thoroughly worked over and applied.

Buckwheat.—Any time after the middle of this month, or even as late as the 10th of next month, a crop of buckwheat may be seeded; the sooner after the 15th of this month the better. It is a sure crop, even on a poor soil with the aid of a little manure; in a tolerably fair soil a good crop may be calculated upon, the same means being used to fertilize the soil. It being a broad-leaved plant, it attracts and appropriates much of its organic nutriment from the atmosphere.

Of the Manure.—Ten two-horse cart loads of barnyard manure, 10 two-horse cart loads of any strong compost, 10 bushels of bone-dust, 10 bushels of ashes and 1 bushel of plaster mixed together, left in pie 10 days, then shoveled over, or 100 pounds of Peruvian guano, 5 two-horse loads of marsh, or river mud mixed together, will seed an acre of land. The bone-dust, ashes and plaster mixture, must be harrowed in; the other must be ploughed in.

The straw of buckwheat cured into hay is good, long provender for cattle.

Quantity of Seed per acre.—Sow from 2 to 3 pecks of seed per acre.

Time of Cutting.—As buckwheat is very liable to shatter, it should be cut when one-half the grains on the head are ripe—that may be known by their turning black.

Beans.—Drill in a few acres with beans to feed your sheep through the winter. There is no food you can give them so promotive of the growth of wool. A gill of bean meal and 2½ pounds of hay or fodder, per day, will keep a sheep in good condition. Drill your beans in early this month.

Wet Lands.—We repeat our advice to you to drain all your lands.

Ruta Baga Turnip.—For stock feeding this root stands deservedly high; it is productive, and more nutritive than any other of the turnip family; for *spring use,* it is a very excellent table vegetable, and should, we think, enter into very general culture; the more so as it is hardier than any other variety, is easier kept, and retains its edible qualities until a very late period in the spring—long after other kinds have ceased to be fit for use. For cattle and sheep there is no root grown superior to it, and it is occasionally sliced, mixed with cut hay, and fed to horses as an alterative food.

Time of Sowing.—If grown for cattle, sow any time between the 15th and 25th of this month; if intended for *table use,* the sowing should be delayed till about the 10th or 15th of July.

Modes of Culture.—They may be either grown in drills, or broadcast—the former the best mode. Raised in drills they are easier worked and yield more.

Of the Soil.—Like all other turnips, they delight most in deep, light, sandy-moulds; new ground, grass-swards, or cloverleys suit them best.

Quantity of Seed per acre.—If sown *broadcast,* from 1½ to 2 lbs. of seed—if in the *drills,* 1 lb. will be enough.

Preparation of the Seed.—Soak the seed from 12 to 24 hours in fish oil, previously to sowing them; drain the oil off, and mix them with ashes, to separate them and render them easy of being sown or drilled. Previous to sowing or drilling mix them with an equal quantity of dry sand.

After Culture.—As soon as the plants come up, for several mornings in succession, while the dew is on them, dust them with lime, ashes, or soot. This must be continued each morning until the plants get in the rough leaf.

When the plants are large enough, run a narrow cultivator through the middle of the rows, leaving the line of plants undisturbed; the plants must be worked by hand and hoes at the same time.

After the interval of a week, give the plants a second working, at which time thin them out, so as to stand 8 inches apart in the rows. Should there be any naked spots, draw plants carefully from where they may be too thick, and dibble them in, so as to fill up the vacant places; for this transplanting a wet season must be selected.

At the time of the second working, sow a bushel of a mixture, comprised of equal parts of ashes, plaster and salt over the drills of plants.

If your manure may not have had any ashes in it—you should at the first working, broadcast 10 bushels of ashes per acre over the plants. In ten days after the second working, give the plants a third one, and your labor of culture will be completed.

Ruta baga turnips when sown broadcast must be thinned out, so as to stand 12 inches apart—the earth must be frequently stirred and kept entirely free from weeds and grass.

Poultry Houses.—Clean out your poultry-houses weekly, and save the manure, as it is good and will go two-thirds as far as guano, if properly preserved. Each weekly collection should be put in a barrel, strewed over with plaster or pulverized charcoal, covered from the air, and kept in a dry place.

If your fowls have not access to a running stream of good fresh water provide them with fresh water thrice a day. In cold or wet weather have the young broods protected by shelter, and see that they get upon such occasions, challots, chives, or leeks, finely chopped up, mixed with their food.—*American Farmer, Baltimore.*

To Keep Sparrows off Early Peas.—Peas when about 1 or 2 inches in height are often attacked by sparrows. I have however always found that by fastening a single thread of white worsted along each row on sticks, so as to be about 2 or 3 inches above the Peas, no birds ventured near them. When sparrows attack the pods of Peas the white worsted hung along the sticks answers just as well as regards the old birds, but is not quite so effectual in the case of young ones, when the latter are plentiful. Worsted is also a safe protection for Gooseberry and Currant bushes in winter and spring. I prune early in autumn, and hang about 2 yards of worsted about each bush, after which I consider the buds are safe; no birds will venture on the bushes for some cause or other, which I am unable to explain. I suppose they are frightened at the worsted.—*Cor. Gardener's Chronicle.*

☞ "How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician. "Nine." "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one would not take it."

TREATMENT OF TREES.

In passing along our streets, we notice the different treatment bestowed on trees. Some are left altogether unprotected, so that the first mangy cow that comes along—and our city is running full of such—will rub against them, and bend them over, or at least loosen them at the roots. About the trunk, rank grass and weeds are growing, affording hot beds for bugs, worms, and all manner of noxious insects. These we call vagrant, neglected, begging trees, and their chances are about as good as those of vagrant, begging children. We would almost venture the assertion, that the children and trees of those persons are treated alike, and will come to about the same end.

There is another class of trees belonging to, and representing a different class of people. The trees are well protected against vagrant cows, and the horses of thoughtless people. The grass and weeds are carefully removed from the trunk, thus keeping off all grubs that harbor in old turfs. But there is one objection to this scooping out the earth from the trunk. It is done to catch the water, and it does this, but it turns the water from the ends of the roots, where it is needed, to the trunk, where it is *not* needed. The mouths of the tree are in the little thread-like roots, and not in the trunk. Put your food and drink where the mouth is—you might as well feed a man through his heels, as feed a tree through the trunk.

The best way to treat trees is, if they stand exposed on the street, to guard them well with enclosures which will keep off horses and cows, and which will not chafe the bark during windy weather; then they should be carefully mulched, as follows:—In this season of the year, loosen the earth around each tree several feet, rake out all the grass and weeds, to prevent turf forming; pulverize the soil thoroughly to receive and retain the moisture; crown it gently towards the trunk, leaving a small trench around the circumference. This will tend to carry the moisture and nourishment towards the rootlets. Then if your trees stand in the yard, or lawn, you can plant these bare circular spots of ground with any kind of slow annuals, such as candy tufts, fumitories, portulaccas, sweet alyssa, pansies, trailing verbenas, &c. Thus you will enlarge your flower space, and the constant cultivation of these flowers will keep the ground about your trees beautiful, and in the best growing order. When the season advances, you can mulch with grass or leaves, and in this way you will have thrifty trees.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Slops.—Procure a gallon or two of wheaten bran, or brewer's grains, and on a mild evening just before or after a shower, place little patches of it about your garden in all directions, especially near box edgings and similar places of retreat. About 9 o'clock at night, provided with a good lantern and candle, and armed with a pot full of air-slacked lime, he must visit all the little patches of bran in succession—he will probably be astonished at the vast number of his enemies congregated and feasting at his expense; when with his pot of lime he can give them such a dusting as will prevent them from ever again troubling him. If this plan be persevered in for a short time, he will effectually clear the garden of slugs. I have applied this remedy for many years, and have never known it to fail.—*Cor. London Field.*

Gooseberry Caterpillars.—The season is fast approaching when we shall again hear of the ravages of these unwelcome visitors. Some recommend hellebore, and some tan, and other things, for their cure or prevention, but soot is better than either of them. Last year, in early spring, I spread soot thickly over the ground immediately round and under the trees, and I had no caterpillars, but a more plentiful supply of fruit than I ever recollect before. If the ground has not been recently dug let it be lightened up with the hoe, and I think few of the grubs will escape.—*Anon.*

Yankees at Pompeii.—Go where you will you meet Americans. We had no sooner set foot in Pompeii, and were busy exploring the Temple of Isis and the sacrificial altar, when in came three curious Yankees and joined our party. The other day, on reaching the top of Vesuvius, I descried a man sitting astride a block of lava. I don't know why, but I marked him at once for one of my countrymen. As I advanced toward him, I could not help noticing the cool manner in which he and Vesuvius were taking a morning smoke together. His long nine was run out like a bowsprit, and he took the whole affair as calmly as one would look upon a kitchen fire at home. As soon as I came up with him, he bawled out,

"Hallo, stranger! pretty considerable lot of lavy raound here! Any news down below? Ye hain't tuckered aout—be ye?"

On my asking him if he had looked into the crater, he replied,

"Yass, but I burnt the laigs of my trowsers, though, I tell *yee!*"

He turned out to be a man from New England, who came up from Marseilles to see the volcano, and a more delightfully verdant gentleman is not common in these parts.

Taste in Figure Heads.—In some ships the sailors pride themselves on the beauty of their figure head; and many a time I have seen the captain of the forecastle employed for hours in painting the eyes, hair, and drapery of his favorite idol. I suppose few commanding officers will allow of this liberty: for it must be admitted that Jack's taste in female beauty, and in the disposition and colors of dress are borrowed from a very questionable source.—"You seem proud of your head, Mr. Clearpipe; I shall gild her for you!" In a few days the sparkling eyes and blushing cheeks of Mrs. Boatswain, like Danae, had yielded up their charms to the golden shower. The glittering figure head soon became the delight of the ship's company, and, on one occasion, furnished the captain with rather an odd means of calling out their energies. The ship was sailing in company with several others of the same class, and, when they came all to reef topsails together, she was beat on the first occasion. As they were setting about a second trial of their activity, the captain called out to the people aloft, "Now, I tell you what it is, my lads, unless you are off the yards, and the sails are hoisted again before any other ship in the squadron, by the Lord Harry, I'll paint your figure head black!" From that time forward she beat every ship in the fleet.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 27, 15, 16, 8, 13, 10, 7, 16, was a French musical composer.

My 18, 26, 27, 14, 23, 9, 6, 2, was an Italian mathematician and philosophical writer.

My 18, 10, 21, 20, 23, 27, 13, was a Flemish painter.

My 25, 22, 26, 5, 10, was an English novelist and poet.

My 7, 17, 18, 9, 8, 18, 4, 23, 24, 10, 17, was a Greek philosopher.

My 3, 15, 27, 1, 10, 12, 19, 6, 22, was an eminent French poet.

My 11, 4, 12, 13, 18, 20, 17, was an English mathematician.

My 19, 20, 13, 14, 7, was a Bohemian patriot.

My 22, 10, 6, 9, 20, 18, 16, 20, was an Italian historical painter.

My whole was a German ecclesiastic.

CINROS.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters

My 29, 11, 8, was an English poet.

My 34, 3, 24, 29, was an English poet.

My 31, 24, 31, 35, 6, was an English poet.

My 32, 31, 36, 28, 32, 2, 9, was an English poet.

My 4, 30, 7, 16, 2, 10, 14, 15, was one of the "dramatists."

My 31, 33, 30, 28, 32, 37, 3, 28, 2, was an English poet.

My 32, 31, 26, 1, 2, 3, 20, 2, 23, 38, 21, 28, 37, 10, is one of Byron's poems.

My 11, 19, 23, 24, is a character in Ben Jonson's "Fall of Sejanus."

My 8, 25, 12, 28, 29, was an English poet.

My 32, 33, 31, 38, 30, 18, 30, was one of the "dramatists."

My 34, 22, 31, 30, 30, 31, 31, 32, was an English poet.

My 24, 11, 30, 23, 38, 1, 17, was an English poet.

My 5, 11, 30, 9, 25, 28, 30, 38, was an English poet.

My 31, 20, 24, 28, 38, 30, 30, was an English poet.

My 19, 35, 30, 30, 31, 28, 32, was an English poet.

My 32, 35, 12, 21, 22, 23, 39, was an English poet.

My whole was one of the earliest English poets of distinction. GAHMEW.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 3, 14, 15, 6, 18, is worn by the ladies.

My 19, 17, 25, 2, 4, is an animal.

My 5, 3, 16, 18, 10, 4, is a kind of grass.

My 12, 4, 15, 10, 17, 13, 14, 3, 1, 20, is a plant.

My 23, 17, 4, 18, 24, 18, is a bird.

My 9, 3, 21, 25, 6, 7, is a farmer's tool.

My 4, 17, 1, 18, 22, 8, is a surgical instrument.

My 26, 3, 18, 5, 28, 27, 4, is a turner's tool.

My 11, 2, 18, 10, 9, is a fish.

My whole is a distinguished actor in one of our progressive movements. CHASE.

Sheffield, Pa.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the sparkling wine
That the bibbers sip,
In the sea salt brine,
And the ruby lip.
You'll find me.

In the midnight dark,
When no watching star
Guides the fisher's bark
To his home afar,
Fate binds me.

Pittsburg. XELA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a word that's often heard
When loud the cannons roar;
My second is the name of a river,
'Tis found on the eastern shore.

My third I ween you've often seen,
For it is a kind of grain;
My fourth is an exclamation
Of pleasure or of pain.

My whole is a body of water
Where steamboats plough along;
Now guess my name, I know you can,
It will not take you long.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a covered carriage,
In most every city you'll find it;
My second is a preposition,
'Tis above with a noun close behind it;
My whole is a rude hut to live in,
Though many it seems don't much mind it.

Providence, R. I. ID.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Wel yes. 5. Was tip.
2. Stop a toe. 6. I on no!
3. Red Sam. 7. Ema sun.
4. So liar. 8. Lo mob.

Yankeetown, O. C. B. N.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a field containing in area 30 acres, and the diagonal across from any one of the 4 corners to the opposite corner is 100 perches. Required the length and breadth of this oblong field? DELTA.

Snyder Co., Pa.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Given, the area of a right angled triangle equal to 19 acres, and one angle equal to 36 degrees, 52 minutes, 12 seconds to find the sides.

Venango Co., Pa. ARETMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ How could you make a thin child fat? Ans.—By throwing it out of a window; it would come down *plump.*

☞ Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning? Ans.—Because he is *let* out at night and *taken in* in the morning.

☞ Why is a hungry boy, looking at the pudding in a cook-shop window, like a wild horse? Ans.—Because he would be all the better if he had a bit in his mouth.

☞ Why is a tight boot like a windmill? Ans.—Because it grinds the corn.

☞ Why is a cowardly soldier like butter? Ans.—Because he is sure to run when exposed to fire.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—It is an honor for a man to cease from strife; but every fool will be meddling. ORIENTAL ENIGMA.—The veiled prophet of Khorassan. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Doctor Elisha Kent Kane. CHARADE.—Metellus. (Metal-us.) CHARADE.—Lime-stone. CHARADE.—Manhattan. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.—8 acres and 4 perches.

Comfort for the Big Noses.—Mr. Steinmetz, an English writer, who no doubt is possessed of an enormous proboscis, has the audacity to say:

"The larger the surface of the mucous membrane of the nose, the greater the activity of the intellect, or the anterior lobe of the brain; and without a well-developed nasal organ, there *never* was a well-developed intellect. The nose of genius in every age has been conspicuous, in every sphere of its numerous manifestations."